

NEW YORK

*A Romantic Story
for People*



J. Walker McSpadden



Champlain Explores
Lake and fights Iroquois

Adirondack
Mountains

NEW YORK

Isabel Sharp
Crown Point
Ticonderoga

Lake George

Fr. William Henry

Ft. Edward

BURGUINES
DEFEAT

Saratoga

Bemis
Heights

Schenectady

Albany

Ft. Orange

Carroll
Mts

W. Valley
Massacre

River

Kingston

West Point

Stony Point

Ft. Mifflin

Long Island

Statens
Is.



NEW YORK

*A Romantic Story
for Young People*



NEW YORK

A Romantic Story for Young People

By J. Walker McSpadden

*Illustrated by
Howard L. Hastings*



J.H. SEARS & COMPANY., INC.
NEW YORK

COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY
J. H. SEARS & CO., INCORPORATED



Set up, Printed and Bound at the
KINGSPORT PRESS
KINGSPORT TENNESSEE
United States of America

FOREWORD

to

Romantic Stories of the States

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said:

“This is my own, my native land”?

Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned

As home his footsteps he hath turned,

From wandering on a foreign strand?

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THIS series of “Romantic Stories of the States” is addressed to everyone, young and old, who is not “dead of soul,” as Scott so aptly put it a century ago. Most of us would resent being called unpatriotic, and yet how many of us know the story of our native State? How many of us have stopped to trace the colorful adventures of the hardy pioneer fathers and mothers who laid the first hearthstones in the wilderness?

If we trace the story of each one of our States back to Colonial times, we find that the well-springs of history bubble over with adventure and romance. Truth is indeed stranger than fiction, as the reader will find repeatedly in following these tales of bygone days. And in the writing of them we have adhered closely to historic fact, oftentimes gathering the local color from some ancient volume which was published only a few years

after the occurrences—as for example, the narrative of the travels of the explorer himself.

In each instance the story is followed from earliest Colonial times to the dawn of Statehood. We enter the primeval forest or the pathless plain, and we witness, step by step, its slow emergence and transformation into a busy, thriving commonwealth. This book is not intended as a history, so much as a series of historic incidents, or sidelights which reveal the spirit of the times.

It is addressed both to young folks who revel in adventure and to their elders—the man and woman who hark back with pride to their native heath, although they may have been absent from it for many long years, and who want their children to know something of its rich past. To all such we hope the book will come with the memory-laden fragrance of a breeze from the mountains or across the prairies “back home.”

To still a third group of readers, this series is offered—the harassed teacher or librarian who is often asked questions in regard to local history. They know that while it is easy enough to get material about the United States as a whole, the occurrence closest home is often the most elusive.

These stories may be called adventures in patriotism. They are culled from a wealth of material in our heroic past, in the hope and belief that they will bring back to us all, whether young or old, something of the rich heritage which clings to our native soil.

J. W. McS.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. HOW HENRY HUDSON SAILED UP THE HUDSON	11
II. THE COMING OF CHAMPLAIN	27
III. THE LAND OF THE FIVE NATIONS	37
IV. THE FOUNDING OF NEW NETHERLAND	43
V. IN THE DAYS OF DUTCH NEW YORK.	55
VI. THE ENGLISH SEIZE CONTROL	70
VII. ON THE FRONTIER	78
VIII. THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR	83
IX. HOW NEW YORK FOUGHT FOR LIBERTY	103
X. HOW NEW YORK CITY FARED IN THE REVOLU- TION	116
XI. A NEW NATION AND ITS PRESIDENT	124

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Peter Stuyvesant Opposes the Surrender of New Amsterdam to the British <i>Frontispiece</i>	
The Indians brought with them some green tobacco	11
Hiawatha slowly bent one of the sticks until it broke asunder	17
Thereupon they fired a volley of arrows	23
Samuel de Champlain	29
The wily savages had been watching the fleet of canoes for days	31
I raised my arquebus and aimed at one of the chiefs	33
The "Tiger" burned to the water's edge	47
"All this will we give you in exchange for this land"	51
Peter Stuyvesant built a new palisade to protect them....	61
"We will assault the fort and give no quarter!"	65
A rowboat left the fleet and approached the Battery	73
He and I rode overland to Albany	85
The colonials leaped over the parapets	89
Up went the tricolor of Holland	95
"In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!"	105
The proud Burgoyne handed over his sword	109
We had to ford the Susquehanna	113
"I shall be obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand"	119



NEW YORK

A Romantic Story for Young People

CHAPTER I

HOW HENRY HUDSON SAILED UP THE HUDSON

THIS old river could spin many a yarn, if it was minded to," said goodman Van Wouter dreamily, as he baited his hook again and cast it out into the stream.

The fish had been biting poorly that afternoon, or if they bit at all they carried the bait away, unscathed. But the honest burgher was undisturbed. The day was too fine to quarrel about anything;

and besides, hadn't his son's wife set before him a fine dinner of pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut, only an hour or so before; and weren't his three grandchildren the finest in the country?

Here they were sitting alongside of him now, and casting their own lines into the river, but at his chance remark they drew a little closer, scenting a story. Grandsire Van Wouter had been in more places and done more things than any man living, in their estimation. They could listen to him by the hour. He had fought the Indians, the French, and the English by turns, and now that the new flag of the United States floated proudly in their little square, in Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, he liked nothing better than to sit in the sun and live over again some of these past scenes, while his little audience of three sat open-mouthed.

Greta was perched next to him to-day, as was her right, being the youngest. Next came Cornie (short for Cornelius, as he was much too stubby for a longer name). And last came Peter, who was almost a man at thirteen.

It was a royal afternoon in April, the year being 1789. As one looked along the lazy street in Tareytown with its straggling houses, mostly of stone, nestling against the swiftly rising hillside, or across the lordly Hudson a mile or more to the Palisades on the western shore, all was so peaceful that it seemed as though it had always been that way. But the children knew that, only a few short years before,

every foot of this beautiful land had been hotly fought over; and they saw, by the way their Grandsire let his line float idly on the current, that his thoughts were in the past.

As he said nothing more for several minutes, it was Greta who broke the spell. "What are you thinking about, Grandsire?" she ventured.

"I was just seeing in my mind's eye the various craft, large and small, that have sailed on these waters," he replied. "What a raft of them there are, to be sure! Indian, Dutch, Swedes, French, English, these to be sure, and mayhap others. This big river is like a stage, on which many actors come and go. I've seen a lot of them myself, and my father and his father many more. It seems strange to me, when I think of it, that right in my own family I have seen this country grow from an untrodden wilderness—save by the redskins—into the makings of a great nation. But we had to fight for it—we had to fight for it!"

Again the old man grew silent, and it was Cornie this time who prodded his memory. "Tell us about it, Grandsire, do," he said.

"About what?" demanded the goodman, whipping in his hook, which he again found to be empty.

"About the men who first sailed up this river—and what happened," urged Cornie.

"Yes, and about your father and his father, and what happened to *them*," added Greta.

The goodman chuckled. "That's a rather large

order," he said, "and I've told you a lot of it before. But, to make a start, let's go back to the beginning. My own Grandsire came over from the old country in the ship with Peter Stuyvesant. He shipped as cabin boy, and his name was Cornelius Van Wouter, just as mine is, and Cornie's here. His father, Jakob Van Wouter, had come over, long before him, in the first Dutch ship that ever sailed these waters—the *Half Moon*, commanded by Hendrik Hudson himself. It was a great voyage and—to think of it!—that was nearly two hundred years ago. Why, I've lived nearly half that time myself!

"But Jakob Van Wouter didn't stay over here. He sailed the seas and then went back to the old country to live, and many's the tale he used to tell my Grandsire about it all. That's why *he* came over, as soon as he was old enough, with Peter Stuyvesant, the stout governor who had the wooden leg. And my Grandsire told me the tale of that first voyage just as it was told to him.

"Hendrik Hudson was not really a Dutchman, although we love to call him by the Dutch name. He was an English sea captain, and *they* called him Henry. He entered the service of the Dutch East Indian Company, which wanted to find a short cut across this way to India. That was what all the navigators were looking for—a Northwest Passage around or across the New World to India. Hudson had spent two or three years trying to do this, himself, and got well up into the Arctic regions before

the ice compelled him to turn back. Such a bold fellow as this, besides being experienced, was just to the East India Company's liking; so they struck a bargain with him to sail under the Dutch flag and, early in 1609, outfitted a ship for him. I mind the date well, hearing my Grandsire tell about it so often.

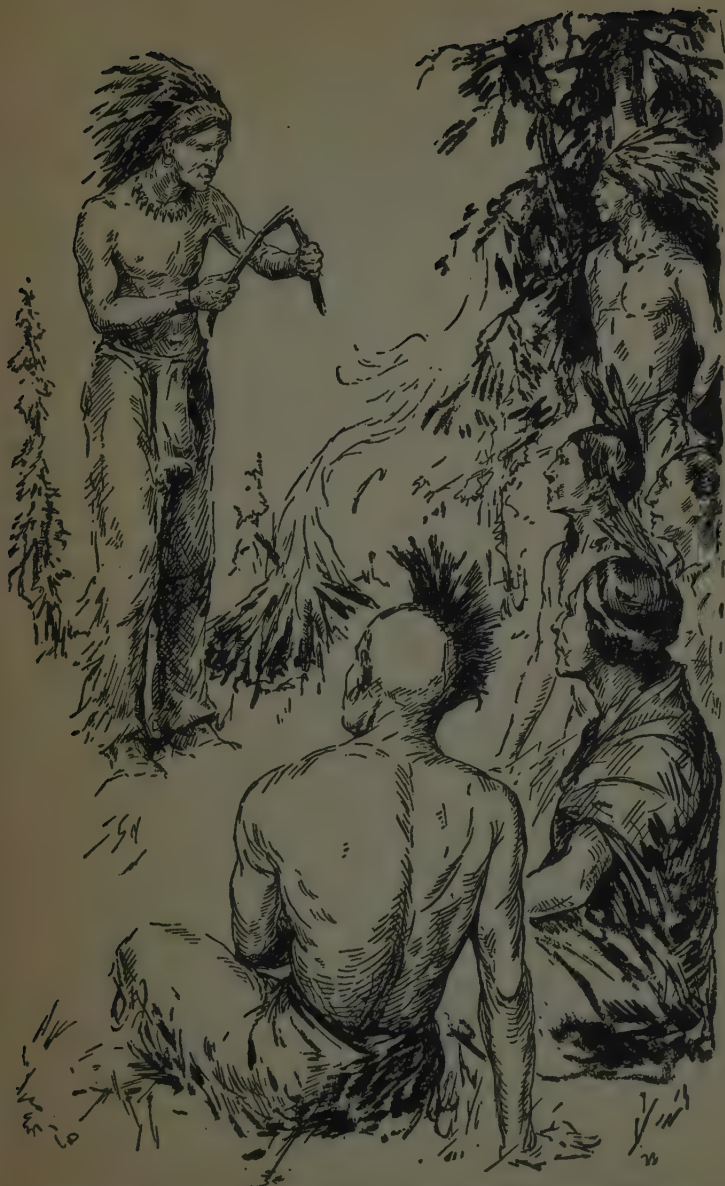
"Well, at last, after a lot of work and delay, they made ready to set sail from Amsterdam, and a queer-looking ship it was—at least you would think so now. They called it a galliot; it looked like a cross between a yacht and a brig, with two masts rigged with square sails. The prow was carved in fancy figures, and the square stern set higher than the bow. She was of about eighty tons burden, and she was christened the *Half Moon*. She later proved to be a sturdy enough craft.

"My Grandsire's father, Jakob Van Wouter, was only a slip of a lad at that time—between sixteen and eighteen—but the minute they began to outfit that ship, he determined to go, even if he had to go as a stowaway. He hung around the quay all the time, for the last week or so, and as luck would have it they came up short handed, and he persuaded Captain Hudson to take him on as cabin boy—a sort of deckhand that did all the odd jobs that were left over. An he said there were lots of them before he got back home! The whole crew were about twenty sailors, some English and some Dutch, a rough lot, but in general they treated him decently enough, and the Captain held them well in hand. He was quiet

spoken, but he could be stern enough, as they very soon found out, and he never shirked any hardship that his men had to undergo. He was square that way, Hudson was. And he knew more about these waters than any of his men. He was a friend of Captain John Smith, the man who settled Virginia.

"It was a big event there in old Amsterdam, that Spring day when they weighed anchor. The whole town was gathered upon the quay and dikes to see them off. But Jakob was so excited over his great adventure that he almost forgot to tell his old father and mother good-bye. In those days, foreign lands had all the mystery of the far away and unknown.

"The *Half Moon* was a slow sailer and spent weeks in getting across the Atlantic. Hudson headed to the northwest, still trying to find that passage, but met up with so much ice off the shore of Nova Scotia, that he decided to turn south. Jakob said that they had close calls two or three times from great floating mountains of ice. Once when the wind had dropped, they were caught between two of these huge ice-islands and would have been crushed like an eggshell, if a favoring current had not swept them clear by only a few feet. The sailors began to complain of so much ice and cold, so the Captain cruised down the coast past what is now Maine, Cape Cod, and the Jersey coast until he reached Virginia. Still he saw no opening that looked like a passage, and as his friend, John Smith, had told him about a great river to the north, he



HIAWATHA SLOWLY BENT ONE OF THE STICKS UNTIL IT
BROKE ASUNDER

[See page 88.]

set sail back again, following the shore-line more closely so as not to ~~miss~~ a promising channel. The highlands leading on to the Navesink engaged his attention, and he saw what he thought to be the mouths of three great rivers as he rounded a long spit of sand.¹

"Once inside the shelter of this sand-bar, he cast anchor and made ready to go ashore to explore the land and get fresh water. It was on the third day of September, the year 1609—a great day for my Grandsire's father, and a greater day for this country."

As the old man sat silent for a moment, it was Peter, the gangling lad of thirteen, who now spoke up.

"It must have been great—sailing that way on an unknown sea!" he said with a sigh of envy. "Tell me, Grandsire, was Hendrik Hudson the first to enter these waters?"

The old man shook his head. "No, they tell me that Hudson had a map made by a navigator who sailed nearly a century before. His name was Verazano, a Florentine who served under the French King, and he left a story of his voyages made in 1524. But nothing more came of them until Hudson found his way into the lower bay and, as I told you awhile ago, he was only trying to find his way across to India. You see, it took many long years

¹ Sandy Hook.

for Europeans to get the idea of doing anything with this raw new land, or coming here to live."

"Tell us about what happened to Jakob and Captain Hendrik," said little Greta impatiently.

"Well, the next day—that would be the 4th—the Captain sent out a small boat with four or five men in it to sound the depth of water and prospect along the shore. They reported a good and safe anchorage, and caught some fine fish. They also said that they saw natives along the coast at a distance. Sure enough, that same evening some of the redskins came paddling their canoes out to the ship. If they had at first been frightened by this great animal with white wings, their curiosity got the better of them. They were dressed in the skins of animals, with chains of copper ornaments around their necks and ankles, and wore feathers in their long black hair. They brought with them some green tobacco, as a peace-offering, and seemed quite friendly. Of course, they could talk with the sailors only by signs, but the two parties got along very well together.

"Jakob was overjoyed, the next day, on being sent ashore with another boatload of sailors. He said that the land was pleasant with grass and flowers and as goodly trees as they had ever seen, and very sweet smells came from them. After being cooped up on that little ship for weeks and months, it must have seemed like heaven to set foot on such goodly land. The Indians were still friendly. They

showed them good springs of water, and gave them an abundance of Indian corn, dried currants, and other fruits.

"Encouraged by this, Captain Hudson sent another scouting boat, the next day, this time to sound the Narrows. He wanted to press inland. But this expedition met with sorrow. They made their way as far as Newark Bay, where they encountered some strange Indians. The redskins sent a shower of arrows in their direction, and one of them struck and killed John Coleman, an Englishman who had been with Hudson on an earlier expedition to the far north, and was one of his best men. The savages must have shot through fear, as they at once ran away without offering to attack the boat farther. Poor Coleman was buried on a point of land since called Coleman's Point. He was the first white man to lose his life in these waters.

"Captain Hudson moved cautiously for several days following this attack; but the Indians offered no farther hostility, and the ones who came on board to trade seemed to have no knowledge of it. So on the 11th, the Captain sailed his ship carefully up through the Narrows and across the upper bay, finally casting anchor off a rocky point of land with two great channels upreaching on either side. To him it was only another island or cape, and he must decide which channel to take. But this strip of land was the tip of the Island of Manhattan, the site of the future city of New York.

"Still the Indians were friendly and were eager to trade with the palefaces. There was a little settlement of the natives down near the point of the island, and the huts seemed to be curiously rounded. But Jakob and the other sailors saw them only at a distance. After three days a favoring wind sprang up, and the Captain turned the prow of his vessel north. The channel was so wide, even as it is here"—and the goodman waved his hand at the expanse of water between them and the cliffs of the western shore—"that Hudson might well have been misled into thinking this the long-sought passage to the Pacific.

"Past this point he made his way and on up and up the great river till he came almost to the site of Fort Orange,¹ where to his great sorrow he found that he could not sail farther. Again his hopes of a passage to the Eastern lands were dashed. But on his way upstream he learned much of the country thereabout, and often stopped to trade with the Indians. He wrote a book about it afterwards, and Jakob got a copy in Amsterdam, years afterwards, and left it to his son and his son's son. I have that old book still, and you shall hear what Captain Hudson says. Peter, go to the house and ask your Mother to give you Captain Hudson's book."

Peter departed on a dog-trot and soon returned with the precious volume. Under his Grandfather's

¹ Albany.

direction he finally turned to the proper place and read:

“ ‘I went ashore in one of their canoes with an old man who was chief of forty men and women, whom I found in a house made of the bark of trees, and was exceeding smooth and well finished within, and all round about. I found there a great quantity of Indian corn and beans, and indeed there lay to dry, near the house, of those articles, as much as would load three ships, beside what was still growing in the fields. When we went to the house two mats were spread to sit on, and immediately eatables were



THEREUPON THEY FIRED A VOLLEY OF ARROWS

brought to us in wooden bowls well made, and two men were sent off with their bows and arrows to kill wild fowl, who soon returned with two pigeons. They also killed immediately a fat dog, and in a little time skinned it with shells they got out of the water'."

Goodman Van Wouter chuckled at this. "Captain Hudson doesn't say whether he liked eating dog, or not. But the Indians thought it a great delicacy. He did a lively trade with his hosts and made himself agreeable to them. He gave them beads and other trinkets for furs, fruits, vegetables and other food, with which he stocked his ship for the return voyage. Once he gave a few of his red friends a little dinner on board ship, and I am sorry to say that one of the chiefs got drunk on 'fire-water.'

"Then the Captain turned his ship about, and regretfully started downstream. But his return voyage was not to be so peaceful. As the *Half Moon* neared Manhattan Island, two canoes full of savages came out of Spuyten Duyvil. They asked by signs to be allowed to come on board, but their appearance was so warlike that Hudson refused. Thereupon they fired a volley of arrows at the ship, without doing any damage. The sailors replied with musket shots, killing two or three of the savages. Again a little lower down the Indians attacked the ship, but a shot from the big gun shattered one canoe and the Indians in terror fled to the woods.

"That is about all that happened to Hudson and

his crew in the great river which was later named for him. He set sail again from the lower bay, just a month after he had entered it, and started for Holland. But on his way there he stopped first at an English port, only to find himself a prisoner. The English were quite jealous of the Dutch—there were rival trading companies—and now they held Hudson, saying that as he was an Englishman he had no right to enter the service of a Dutch company. It was several months before he escaped the clutches of the English law, and meantime his faithful ship, the *Half Moon*, was sent on to Holland without him.

“Jakob was a great hero among the other young fellows round town, when he got home, and many was the tale he told about the wonders of the new country. It was stories like his and the other sailors’ that set folks to thinking about coming over here to found a colony. But that is another story.”

“What finally happened to brave Captain Hudson?” asked Cornie.

“He met a fate unworthy of so good a man. The English again placed him at the head of an expedition to find a way across the north of America to the Pacific. Hudson sailed once more to the ice fields of the northwest, and discovered the strait and the immense bay which still bear his name. Here his crew became fearful and wanted to turn back. When he would not do so, they mutinied and set him adrift in an open boat, with his little son and one or two faithful men. This was the last seen of them,

and they must have met their death in those icy waters. Hudson Bay is both the tomb and the monument of one of our greatest explorers. I like to call him Hendrik, and to remember that he performed his greatest service in that little, square-rigged ship with its banner of orange, white, and blue!"

CHAPTER II

THE COMING OF CHAMPLAIN

IT has always seemed queer to me," said goodman Van Wouter, "that two of our greatest events in the early settlement of this region should have taken place in the same year. Here lay this great country idle and untouched by the Europeans for a century or more after it was first heard about, and then suddenly it was invaded from the north and south by two nations, within a few months of each other. Sixteen hundred and nine is certainly a key year in New York history!"

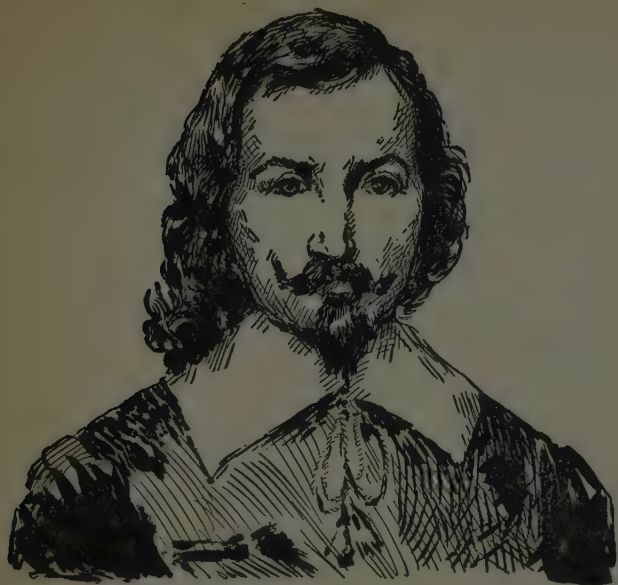
As usual when their Grandfather began to tell stories, he had an attentive audience of three. The Van Wouter family had just finished a hearty supper, the chief item of which was two flounders caught that afternoon. But let it be confessed that Peter had caught both of them; his Grandsire had been so busy talking that all of *his* nibbles got away. Now in the long twilight was the best possible time for more stories—and the children were glad indeed to see that he was still in the mood.

"Yes, sir," he continued dreamily, addressing nobody in particular, "in that very same summer of 1609, while Hudson was nosing along the ocean out-

side, Champlain was coming down from the north. In July he fought a battle with the Indians, on the lake that is named for him; and in September here sailed Hudson right up the river until he got within a hundred miles or so of the same spot. It was a curious coincidence, and if Hudson opened up the lower part of the State, Champlain opened up the center.

“Samuel de Champlain was a Frenchman, serving under a famous King known as Henry of Navarre. His family had been sea-going, but he himself had been trained as a soldier and became a captain in the cavalry. He was a favorite at Court, but when tales came back of adventure in the New World he got restless. Jacques Cartier, away back in 1534, had discovered the St. Lawrence River and, the next year, had founded Montreal. Since then many fur traders, soldiers, and Jesuit missionaries had visited Canada, and many were the dreams of a New France in America. Champlain caught the contagion and saw himself as one of the founders of that new empire. He sought and obtained King Henry's permission to organize an expedition, and made several voyages to Canada from the year 1603 on. It is said that, four years earlier than this, he sailed to Mexico on a Spanish ship and made charts of the western shores.

“He came to Canada bearing the commission of Lieutenant-General, and at first devoted his energies to exploring the country and making friends of the



SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN

native tribes. He wanted to convert these people to Christianity and hold them for all time as allies of New France. He was as zealous as any Jesuit in his missionary efforts, but he was also a soldier, and the two did not always work together, as you shall see.

“In the year 1608, on his third expedition, he carried out a long-cherished plan and founded another fort and settlement on the St. Lawrence, which he called Quebec. This walled city was for many years thereafter the seat and stronghold of the French power. He continued to make friends with the Indians until all the tribes in that region were

his firm allies. As most of them came from the mountains or hill country round about, he called them Montagnais. But they were Hurons and Algonquins. These tribes told him many tales of the fine and fertile land lying to the south, with its many lakes, its noble rivers, and lofty mountains. But they said that it was peopled by a fierce race of warriors known as the Iroquois, who allowed no others except members of the 'Five Nations' to hunt or dwell there. Champlain did not know what they meant by the Five Nations—he was to learn later. Now as he listened to the accounts of the great country, he was eager to explore it. The wily Indians saw his eagerness and were more than willing to turn it to their own advantage. For many years they had been kept out of the land by the Iroquois.

"'Let us make an alliance, White Father,' they told the General. 'We will fight with you, if you will fight with us, and together we will drive the Five Nations out of the pleasant hunting grounds to the south.'

"Champlain was minded to make a treaty with them, especially as they told him he would never be allowed to explore the land by the strong and cruel Iroquois. After much powwow, a formal treaty was concluded with all the Canadian tribes, at the Isle of St. Esloy, in the St. Lawrence, on June 16, 1609. Then there was great rejoicing among the red men. Signal fires were lighted, feasts and dances were held, and great preparations were at once set



THE WILY SAVAGES HAD BEEN WATCHING THE FLEET OF
CANOES FOR DAYS

afoot for the march to the south. As for the French, they fired off their arquebuses in a formal salute, as Champlain says, 'as a sign of great friendship and rejoicing.'

"Champlain was a good writer as well as a great soldier and explorer, and has left an interesting account of his adventures. The Indians told him that he could go almost the whole way by water, with only one or two portages, so they made up a force of twenty-four canoes and sixty men, and on July 1 started by way of the Richelieu River. On the 4th they had got by the rapids and were out on

the broader waters of the lake which now bears his name. As you know by looking at your maps, Lake Champlain is very long and narrow; in places it looks more like a river than a lake, and is not as broad as our own Hudson. The General was delighted with the country with its 'many pretty hills, low, and containing very fine woods and meadows.' There were also 'many rivers flowing into the lake bordered by many fine trees of the same kind as those we have in France,' he says, 'with many vines, finer than any I have seen in any other place.'

"It took the party nearly the whole month of July to go down the length of the lake. They were proceeding cautiously and exploring the shores as they went. All had been peaceful, and the General was beginning to think that his Indian allies had been unduly alarmed about the southern tribes, when, on the 29th and as they were nearing the lower end of the lake, a war party of the Iroquois was encountered. The wily savages had probably been watching the fleet of canoes for days, and now, when they finally showed themselves, they were three hundred strong.

"Champlain saw at a glance that there was no way of parleying with these warriors; they had come to fight and drive the invaders out. But no hostilities were attempted that night. Each party threw up barricades, then lighted fires and danced the war dance, meanwhile hurling defiance at the other. At daybreak the Iroquois led the attack, coming for-

ward with great confidence. They were commanded by three tall chiefs who wore lofty plumes in their scalp-locks. But to their amazement, the northern Indians, though far outnumbered, did not give ground, but actually advanced to meet them. Then each army halted and glared defiance at the other.



"I RAISED MY ARQUEBUS AND AIMED AT ONE OF THE CHIEFS"

"'Before the wily Iroquois could launch an attack,' says Champlain, 'our savages commenced calling me in loud voice, and, making way, opened ranks and placed me at their head, marching about twenty paces in advance until I was within thirty paces of the enemy. The moment they saw me they halted,

gazing at me and I at them. When I saw them preparing to shoot at us, I raised my arquebus and aimed directly at one of the three chiefs. Two of them fell to the ground by this shot, and one of their companions received a wound of which he died afterwards. I had put four balls in my arquebus. Our savages on witnessing a shot so favorable for them set up such tremendous shouts that thunder could not have been heard; and yet there was no lack of arrows on one side or the other.'

"Before the Iroquois could recover from their astonishment—for it must have been terrifying indeed to hear that great noise of the gun and see it spurt out fire and carry death to them—another Frenchman hidden in a clump of bushes also discharged his arquebus and another warrior fell. The Iroquois were filled with panic and threw away their weapons and took to flight. With savage cries of triumph the Montagnais pursued them. They captured a dozen prisoners and all the weapons and food left strewn over the ground. The victory was complete, but after all, it was a blunder; for the fierce Iroquois carried the memory of it in their breasts for generations, inciting their sons to revenge. In after years they made border raids against the French, and in later wars became the allies of the English against them."

"Did Champlain have any more fights with them?" asked Cornie.

"Yes, this was only the first of several encounters,"

answered his Grandfather. "Champlain was a fighting man, and once he had put his foot into the country, he found that he couldn't easily get it out again. There were no more brushes with the savages on this trip, and his party went back up the lake undisturbed. He returned to France that Winter, getting more men and supplies. The next year he met a large force of the enemy on the River of the Iroquois, or the Richelieu, as the French called it, and they had a more lively fight. The red men were no longer frightened by the sound of the guns, but fought stubbornly; they were really among the bravest of the Indians. The French claimed the victory, but it was not decisive.

"In 1612 Champlain was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of New France, as Canada was called, and pushed his explorations farther to the west, discovering Lake Huron and mapping out much of the surrounding country. On his return from this expedition, his Huron allies persuaded him to engage in another campaign against their old-time enemies. The Iroquois were strongly entrenched in what is now Central New York, and Champlain determined to carry the war into their own country. So starting from the eastern end of Lake Ontario, where it empties into the St. Lawrence River, the French and Indians followed the shores of the lake until they curved to the west, then marched overland to Oneida Lake.

"Here they found the Iroquois strongly entrenched

in a fort protected by water in a sort of moat. The General describes it as being protected by huge wooden palisades thirty feet high. He says that he built a wooden tower outside, tall enough to allow his men to shoot over the walls into the fort. But his attack was a failure. He himself received two severe arrow wounds in the leg. His force had to retreat and were pursued by the enemy for half a league or more. This fight was in the Fall of 1615, and convinced Champlain that he would need a much larger force of men, if he would extend the bounds of New France to include the country claimed by the Five Nations. He went back to Canada where later he was made Governor, and served with distinction for many years. But this was his last expedition into New York, as we now call it."

"The Iroquois must have been good fighters, to have all the other Indians afraid of them," said Peter slowly. "I wish you'd tell us more about them, and why they were called the Five Nations."

"That will have to keep till to-morrow," said his Grandfather. "We'll go fishing again, and I'll see if, this time, you have all the luck."

CHAPTER III

THE LAND OF THE FIVE NATIONS

THE story of the savage tribes that live to the north and west of us goes back so far that no man can tell just when it really starts," said goodman Van Wouter.

It was again afternoon of a flawless April day, and he and the children were at their favorite spot on the brink of the beautiful Hudson. And again their fishing lines dipped into the current, but it was noticeable that to-day the goodman kept a weather eye on his bob.

"The Iroquois call themselves the Ho-de-no-sau-nee, or People of the Long House. At first they were scattered, like other tribes, but their legends say that a great chief rose up among them, who was endowed with wisdom from the Great Spirit. His name was Hiawatha. He saw their land threatened with invasion from Northern tribes living around the Great Lakes. So he called a general council of the tribes, to be held on the shores of Onondaga Lake. When the braves from the east and west and north and south had come together around the council fire, he stood up and addressed them.

"Taking in his hand five sticks of wood, he held

them singly before them, for there were five nations in the assemblage. 'I appeal to you, Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas!' he cried. 'Why do you live apart under your own lodge poles? Do you not know that thus you lie open to the enemy? See!' And amid intense silence he slowly bent one of the sticks between his hands. There was a crackling, then a sharp snap as the stick broke asunder. Then one after the other he picked up the remaining sticks—and each snapped sharply while he uttered no word. Turning quickly, he seized five other sticks, and these he bound together with a thong of deer hide.

" 'To oppose these northern tribes singly and at variance with your brothers is idle; but by uniting in a band of brotherhood, we may hope to succeed,' he said. Appealing to each nation in turn, he finally turned to the fifth, the Senecas, saying: 'You who live in the open country and possess much wisdom should complete the Five Nations, because you best understand the art of raising corn and beans, and making warm houses.' Then he addressed them all, holding the bound sticks in his hands: 'Unite the Five Nations and let them light one council fire, and no foe shall subdue us. The Great Spirit will then smile upon you, and we shall be free and happy; there will be much food for all. But if we remain as now, we shall be subject to his frown; we shall be enslaved, our warriors will perish in the war storm, and our names be forgotten in the dance and

song. Disunited we perish. United we survive. See!

"Again amid breathless silence he took the bundle of sticks, but try as he might, and he was a mighty man, he could not break them. And the braves grunted, 'It is well!'

"Thus, say the legends, the confederacy of the Five Nations was founded. Hiawatha gave them good counsel, so that their name became feared wherever council fires were lighted. He made just laws for them also. Then, his mission accomplished, he seated himself one day in a canoe just at sunset and was wafted into the skies and out of their sight.

"The Senecas were the strongest of the Five Nations, and many tales are told about their prowess in war and skill in peace. They have legends telling of their nation for a thousand years. They say that the coming of the first paleface was foretold in dreams and visions for many years—that he would skim over the great waters in huge canoes with white wings and would fight with the thunder and lightning. The Senecas were foes to be dreaded, giving no quarter and asking none. If one were captured and tortured, even burned at the stake, he would sing his song of defiance to the last. In times of peace they were good farmers, raising corn, squashes, beans, and melons in great abundance. They knew the wild apple, pear, plum, grape, and peach. They raised finer tobacco than any other tribe. They had good laws, far in advance of their time, and took good care of their women and children and the

aged. No one was allowed to go without food, so long as there was a morsel in the village.

"The Iroquois, as all the nations came to be called, were hospitable at home, though terrible on the war-path. When any of the friendly tribes arrived on a visit, the best lodge in the village was at his disposal; and if the party were large, the hosts went out and slept on the ground."

"What kind of houses did they have?" asked Greta.

"In ancient times they were lodges made of poles slanting up to the top and covered with bark or skins. Later, when the Indians learned the use of the ax, they built log huts, some of them long enough to hold several families—and that is why they were called the People of the Long House. The walls are not much higher than a man's head, but the roof is built with a ridge-pole to shed the rain. A hole is left in the roof, to let out the smoke of the fire, which is built on the ground in the center of the hut. There is no floor but the ground, nor are there chairs, tables, or other articles of furniture. A rough shelf or bunk running along one side of the wall and piled with skins serves for a bed. A village might have five or fifty huts in it, depending upon the size of the houses.

"As for cooking and eating utensils, they also are of the simplest. A kettle is required for boiling vegetables or meats, and one or two wooden platters and a hunting knife or two would 'set the table.'

Fingers, you know, were made before forks. I have eaten many an Indian meal and been glad to get it. Some of the squaws are good cooks, but I never like to look in on them, while they are getting the meal ready. Once I saw them skin a deer, then cut it up and throw flesh, bones, and entrails into the pot together. So I like it better when the meat is roasted on a stick before the fire. At another time I found that they had a stew, and boasted one spoon. The chief used it first, then wiped it on the sole of his moccasin and politely passed it to me. I didn't want to offend him, and ate my share next, but it was with long teeth.

"The upstate Indians live now¹ as they have for centuries. The huts have no windows, nor any of the comforts and conveniences we think so necessary. On poles in the upper part of the hut you will find almost anything—dried meat, the skins of animals, clothing, strings of dried fruit, corn, squashes—these of course mostly in the Winter time. If the season has been good, they will gather in good harvests, and live through the Winter happy and contented. The braves visit from one village to another, and laugh and tell stories of the war or chase. If an enemy threatens them, or the pinch of hunger comes, they tighten up their belts grimly and go out to hunt or fight, with equal readiness.

"In Summer, when at peace, they have many games and sports, such as running, wrestling, swim-

ming, and playing ball. They do this between hunts, while the squaws till the fields. Working about the house or in the field is for the women; it would hurt a brave's dignity to do it.

"I have seen lots of redskins, and heard about others," continued the old man, "and I firmly believe the Iroquois were the brainiest of the lot. Look at the fort they built to stand off Champlain. They knew a lot of things that none of the other tribes knew about, and they built up a union of nations with a good working set of laws, centuries before the white man came. Wherever they went they were conquerors. From time to time, bands of them went south or over into the Middle West, and always the other tribes made way for them. They looked upon themselves as 'the lords of the earth.'

"You can well see, then, why they felt such bitter enmity toward the French, after their defeat at the hands of Champlain. They did not feel so toward the Dutch or the English. The Dutch made friends with members of the Five Nations, and traded with them on good terms for fifty years. Then the English came along, in place of the Dutch, and kept the Indians as friends until the time of the Revolution. Yes, the French lost some valuable allies and made some bad enemies—but I must tell you more about that later."

At this moment the goodman felt a tug at his line and gave a sudden yank, landing the biggest fish of the day.

CHAPTER IV

THE FOUNDING OF NEW NETHERLAND

GRANDSIRE," said Peter, "you promised to-day to tell us more about how the Dutch traded with the Indians and made friends with them. And didn't you say, once upon a time, that Jakob Van Wouter visited these parts again?"

"Yes, he did," answered his Grandfather. "Why, he was one of the very first white men who ever lived down on Manhattan Island—what is now New York. I'm proud of the fact!"

"But, Grandsire," objected Cornie; "I thought you said, just the other day, that he didn't come back here to live."

"He didn't, younker; but—let me tell you how it was. You remember that poor Hendrik Hudson lost his life up in the icy waters of Hudson Bay. He had been held in the service of the English—being an Englishman. But the Dutch company took their ship, the *Half Moon*, back to Holland. They paid mighty little attention to the glowing reports of the rich new country that had been explored, but still wanted to find a short cut to India and China. They actually sent two other ships out, after the *Half*

Moon got back, trying to find a way around the northern shores, but they didn't find it.

"Now, Jakob Van Wouter and some of the other sailors who had come over with Hudson kept telling about the fine furs that could be bought from the Indians for a song; and by and by some of the Netherlands merchants began to prick up their ears. If they could send over a shipload of baubles and trinkets and exchange them here for furs, that trade ought to be even more profitable than that of the East. And the first thing Jakob knew, he and some of the other members of the *Half Moon* crew were given their old berths back on the same ship, for a return voyage to the Hudson River.

"And so, over they came again, and a good voyage it was. They found some of their former friends among the Indians, and had a good Summer's trade with them. But Jakob always said, it seemed strange not to have their brave Captain back with them. He seemed to belong to the river, and the river to him. Why, to this day, whenever you hear thunder rolling over yonder in the Catskills, folks say that it is Hudson and his men having a game of ninepins. That's what got my old friend Rip Van Winkle into trouble. Many's the time I've heard old Rip tell about it!"

The goodman chuckled at this memory and sat so long silently gazing across the water, that Greta began to fidget.

"What happened next, Grandsire?" she said.

"Oh, bless your heart! They went back again, with a good load of furs; that was in 1610; and the very next year Captain Block—Adrian Block—also came over from the Netherlands, and took back a shipload of furs from Manhattan. He persuaded two young Indian chiefs to go back with him, and Jakob says they created a big stir over there. He knew them both and had a fine talk with them, in Amsterdam—mostly sign language—but everybody enjoyed it, especially the Indians.

"So it wasn't surprising that a new expedition was fitted out, or that Jakob had a berth with it. He was now a master mariner with position as second mate, and a fine, big, upstanding fellow he must have been. Two ships were sent, this time, the *Fortune* and the *Tiger*. Block was in command of the *Tiger*, and Jakob, as I have said, was his second mate. They came back to the mouth of the Hudson River and the Island of Manhattan, as they reported that this was the safest harbor and the best anchorage to be found anywhere; while the many waterways which emptied into the bay made it easy for them to reach inland in every direction, by boats. So you see that, from the very first, this harbor began to attract attention; this was why, later on, the city here founded became the most important in the New World.

"Again they had a profitable trade with the Indians, who were delighted with the trinkets and readily exchanged fine furs for them. So well did the traders get along with them, that the Captain

of the *Fortune* sailed for home by way of what is now Connecticut, though it wasn't anything then but wild country, trodden only by the redskins. The *Tiger* stayed at anchor in the upper bay, near the tip of Manhattan Island, but made ready to sail before the Winter set in.

"One clear, cold night in November (this was in the year 1613), while Jakob was on watch, he saw smoke coming up from the hold of the vessel. He gave the alarm and piped all hands on deck. But before they could do anything to check it, the whole ship burst into flames. They had just time to man the boats, and all the crew escaped safely to shore; but the *Tiger* burned to the water's edge, with all its valuable store of furs.

"Now that was a pretty pickle. They had lost both ship and cargo, and they could expect no other ship before Spring—perhaps not then. But, as Jakob said, Captain Block was a man of resource; and the crew must have been equally determined, for they never showed the white feather. The Indians had, of course, been attracted by the burning ship, and were gathered in a great throng down on the tip of Manhattan Island. Captain Block stepped out of his boat and walked up to the head chief, and made a fine gesture—holding out his hands wide and empty. He was telling them that he had nothing.

"The chief in his turn made the sign of scooping up something in both hands, and then extending

them to Captain Block. 'We will share with our white brothers,' he said. 'What we have is yours!'

"The Indians were as good as their word. They shared their food that Winter with the white men, and helped them build four huts down near the point



THE "TIGER" BURNED TO THE WATER'S EDGE

of the island. Here they lived in rude comfort till Spring—the first Europeans to dwell on the site of New York—and your great-great-granddaddy was one of them!"

"Hooray!" said Peter, strutting around like a turkey-cock. "I'd like to see Diedrick Van Twiller

come bragging around to me again, about what *his* family did!"

"But you said that Jakob didn't stay here for good," said Greta.

"No, that he didn't. And do you know what he and the rest of the crew did? Why, Captain Block actually set them to work rebuilding the *Tiger*. Of course, much of the timber below the water's edge was sound, and they must have salvaged some of their tools. For they did the amazing thing of making what was practically a new ship, of about sixteen tons burden, and launched it in the upper bay. So they were the first men to build a ship in these waters, or in the New World, so far as we know. It shows what sort of stuff these early Dutch traders were made of! They called the new ship the *Restless*, and I guess it was well named. For they were anxious to get home.

"In the Spring they set sail, and again the Island of Manhattan was left to the natives and wild beasts. There was only a small group of Indian huts down near the point. These huts were low, rounded structures made by placing two rows of upright saplings opposite each other, with their tops brought together and covered with interlacing boughs. The side walls were made weather-tight with bark. For the rest, the island looked as wild and desolate as the mainland. It was covered with a dense growth of trees, vines, and creepers, in which lurked bears, wolves, foxes, and smaller game. Marshes ex-

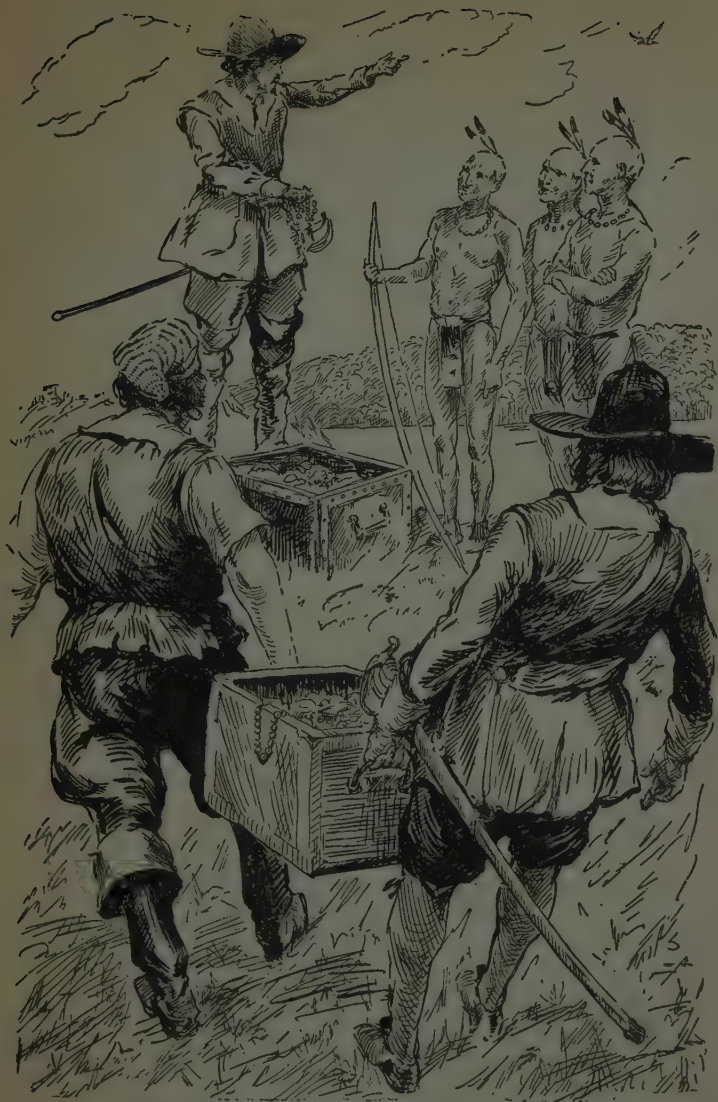
tended in from the shore in many places, and until late Fall they were filled with noisy wild fowl.

"Block and his men were warmly welcomed when they reached home. It had been feared that they were lost at sea. As for Jakob, he decided that he had had enough of seafaring, and perhaps a certain blue-eyed little Dutch lass who had been waiting for him all these years helped persuade him that home soil was best. At any rate, he turned dairy farmer and settled down. Nor did Block ever come back to this country; he went on a whaling voyage to the North.

"Howbeit, the governing powers over at The Hague had their eyes opened to the possibilities of the new country at last. In solemn conclave they drew up a charter for a company to develop it, and they decided to call it New Netherland. The Captain of the *Fortune*, Christaensen, was sent over to build a fort in the upper waters of the Hudson, and make a treaty with the Indians. This he did in the Summer of the year 1615. He went up our river to Castle Island, which, as you know, is just a little way below where Albany now stands, and is almost as far as big boats can sail. He built a trading-house and fort, which he called Fort Nassau. The main house was of logs, and was about thirty-six feet long, by twenty-six wide. It was surrounded by a stockade and moat, and defended by two pieces of cannon and eleven guns hurling stones and mounted on swivels. It was garrisoned by twelve men.

"The Indians continued friendly, and a treaty was made with the Five Nations, by which the Dutch secured exclusive trading privileges. The pipe of peace was smoked, and the hatchet buried beneath a little church, which was erected as a perpetual sign of friendship. A brisk trade sprang up, and the white men found it necessary to build a warehouse on the point of Manhattan Island, for storage and shipping. This was a rough log building, about thirty feet long, and was the first move toward setting up permanent trade there.

"Nothing of much interest occurred for the next few years. There was as yet no attempt at a settlement, and no families had come over from the old country. The Dutch government saw that the next step was to bring people over here to live—before some other country got a foothold. Down in Belgium there lived a sect of Protestants called Walloons. They were brave and industrious, and wished to come over to America, where they could enjoy religious freedom. The Dutch authorities were glad to strike a bargain with them, and place at their disposal a ship called the *New Netherland*. This brought no less than thirty families to our shores. They were the very first settlers in this section. These families were scattered. Some settled just above Fort Nassau, on the western bank of the river, and called their new fort "Orange." It was the beginning of Albany, and dates back to 1624. Others remained at Manhattan. A second



"ALL THIS WILL WE GIVE YOU IN EXCHANGE FOR THIS
LAND"

[See page 53.]

shipload of settlers came over the same year. And so at last we had the beginnings of a colony here.

"Within the next year or two still others came, and the home country wisely decided that some sort of local government should be set up in New Netherland, as this colony was called. So it appointed as first Governor Peter Minuit, a stocky, brusque, and energetic man who came over in the *Sea Mew* in the Spring of 1626.

"On the 6th of May in that same year, and on the rocky point of Manhattan Island, occurred one of the most interesting and important trades in the whole history of trading. It took place between the new Governor and the Manhattan Indians. This time the trade did not concern furs, although a chest of glittering trinkets such as the red men loved was displayed. It was nothing more nor less than the purchase of the entire island itself.

"The Dutch figured, and rightly, that the Indians had the first claim to the land, and that by purchasing it from them lawfully, the English or any other nation would be prevented from trying to establish a claim. So Peter Minuit had the area of Manhattan Island roughly surveyed, or paced off; then he called a conclave of the head chiefs and opened up his ship's chest before them. The beads, buttons, chains, buckles, and other ornaments sparkled in the sunlight. To the Indians they must have looked like treasure untold.

"'All this will we give you in exchange for this

land,' said Minit, pointing from one river to the other.

" 'Good, good!' exclaimed the Indians, not trying to conceal their delight. And the trade was quickly completed. The Dutch obtained the ownership of the whole island on which the great city of New York was to rise, for trinkets valued at about sixty guilders.¹

"The next step that Governor Minit took was to build a fort on his newly acquired land, so that nobody, white or red, could take it away from him. He had brought over with him a skilled engineer, Kryn Fredrick by name. They looked over the ground and soon decided upon a rising point of land and rock which did not require much fortifying as a good place of defense. It was a triangular ridge looking out over the bay and Narrows. It was surrounded by a cedar palisade, and one or two wicked looking guns were mounted on the highest ledge of rock. This was called Fort Amsterdam. A little bit later, work was begun on a sea-wall at the point, and this came to be called the Battery.

"The year 1626 was momentous in New York's history. The place for the city was bought and surveyed. A fort was built. A civil government was set up. More vessels bringing settlers arrived, and they also brought cows, horses, sheep, and pigs, together with plows and other farming tools, and seeds. It was the start of a real colony at last."

¹ About twenty-four dollars.

CHAPTER V

IN THE DAYS OF DUTCH NEW YORK

NOW it is one thing to start a colony, and another to keep it going," said Grandsire Van Wouter, at their next session of story telling. "This the Dutch West India Company soon found out, after they put a settlement on Manhattan Island. They sent over governors, some of whom were good, and some bad, so things did not always run along smoothly. They made treaties with the Indians, but these were broken, and disastrous petty wars occurred, so that it is a wonder the colony survived at all.

"The main troubles with the Indians were caused by the fact that in order to trade to advantage with them—'get a good bargain,' as you would say—they gave the natives too much 'fire-water.' The redskins got drunk and grew dangerous and restless. And, as if this weren't trouble enough, they were supplied with muskets and powder. At first they were afraid of 'the white man's devil,' and you know how the Iroquois acted at their first fight with Champlain. But the very power of 'the devil' made them the more eager to get it, and the unprincipled traders soon found that the Indians would give almost any

amount of skins or wampum—which was their shell money—for it. The government saw the danger of arming them with the white man's weapon, and passed strict laws forbidding the sale of guns to the Indians, one law making it punishable by death; but with scattered traders it was impossible to enforce the law. So in a few years most of the redskins had discarded their bows for guns, which they could shoot with as deadly aim as the white men.

“Another constant cause of trouble between them was that most of the redskins were thieves. The farmers in the outlying districts were continual sufferers from their depredations. In protecting their property fights would occur, and if an Indian were killed, the others of the tribe would go on the warpath. Yes, it was a ticklish time for the colony, and nobody knows it better than some of us who have been in the Indian wars. As for me, I believe in making friends with them, but I keep a weather eye on them, just the same!

“But let's see. I told you yesterday, didn't I, about old Peter Minuit, the first Governor, and how he built Fort Amsterdam and made the start of a real town? He gave, on the whole, a good government, and he was succeeded by Wouter Van Twiller—”

“That will be the man that Diedrick is all the time bragging about,” said his grandson, Peter.

“The same—and while Wouter Van Twiller was a good man in many ways, he wasn't just the best

sort of man for this hard job of getting a struggling colony on its feet. He was a trader, first of all. He had been over here on two occasions, besides on voyages to other parts, and he prided himself that he knew how to deal with Indians. He was a short, stout man, with close-cropped sandy hair, small pale-blue eyes set deep in a full, round face, and an uncertain mouth. He was impulsive and kind-hearted, but too easily swayed by his emotions, and too fond of a full wine cup and a groaning table. He allowed the English to outwit him on more than one occasion. The English were, by this time, spreading east from the Massachusetts colony, and had gotten as far as the Connecticut River, where they founded the towns of Hartford and New Haven. The Dutch resented this, as they felt it was encroaching on their own territory, but the English hung on; and more than this, they came up the Hudson and tried to steal the Indians' trade right from under Van Twiller's nose.

"This stout little Governor, both in his person and in his actions, caused both his enemies and his friends to poke fun at him,¹ but he also showed foresight in dealing with the colony. He caught some glimpse of the future important city that would rise on that tight little Island of Manhattan. He had the fort repaired and enlarged. He advocated the use

¹ For a full account of the Dutch Governors, written in humorous vein, see "Knickerbocker's History of New York," by Washington Irving.

of brick and stone for all public buildings. The first church was built, a wooden structure, and the first school-teacher appointed. Windmills began to spring up, reminding one of the old country. Then there were breweries and storehouses, and a growing sea-wall, off which at times there would be several vessels anchored at once—not only Dutch, but English, or French, or Swedish. The Swedes, by the way, were busy to the south of them, establishing a colony in what is now New Jersey and Delaware.

“Van Twiller was recalled in 1637, under charges of favoritism. Certain of his friends had received grants to extensive tracts of land, and he himself had large estates. But, on the whole, the colony had progressed while he had charge of it. The same cannot be said of the man who succeeded him.

“Wilhelm Kieft served for the next ten years as Governor, and it was an unlucky day when he set foot over here. He was a small man, in both stature and mind. He ruled like a tyrant and, worst of all, he set all the Indians by the ears. Instead of overlooking some of their petty raids, he tried to put them down with a strong hand. He even tried to tax them, demanding a tribute of corn, furs, and service, on the plea that he was defending them against their enemies. As the red men had been a free people for long centuries, you can readily see how they would not understand a tax and how they would resent it.

“The climax of the Indian troubles came when,

after the murder of two white settlers, and despite the fact that the better class of the Indians offered to give the murderers up and pay a ransom, the Governor organized an expedition against them and fell upon them while they slept, killing over a hundred men, women, and children. The result was to drive all the river tribes into one union, and for months thereafter no farmer or outside settler was safe. Only within the sheltering walls of Fort Amsterdam was any security felt. But this meant that no crops could be made, and soon the settlement was threatened with famine, in addition to its other troubles.

"I could tell you many tales of that bloody time, but they would not be pleasant telling. Families would be wiped out in a night, and the children carried into captivity. But peace was at last secured, in 1645, by a treaty signed at Fort Orange, and the 6th of September was appointed a day of thanksgiving, 'to proclaim the good tidings.' It was one of our very first Thanksgiving Days. The peace came none too soon to save the colony. Hundreds had been slain on both sides, and the Indians, from being friends, had become treacherous enemies—and back of the whole trouble were two things, fire-water and firearms.

"It is small wonder that Governor Kieft was recalled soon after, and he left these shores without many regrets on the part of the colonists. In his stead, the Company appointed a remarkable man,

who was to leave a firm impress upon the colony. That man was Peter Stuyvesant. I have often heard my Grandfather tell about him, as he knew him in the old country, and came across with him to America, in 1647.

"Peter Stuyvesant was a soldier, of good education, who had lost a leg while fighting against the Portuguese in the West Indies. When he went back to Holland his lost leg was replaced by a peg leg—some said it was of silver, some of wood. My Grandsire said that it was of wood, with large silver bands running around it. But for all his stump leg, he strutted around like a peacock, and liked to show his authority. Howbeit my Grandsire, Jakob, said he was an able man, nevertheless.

"Jakob shipped as a cabin boy, just as his father had done before him in Hendrik Hudson's day. He had had the good fortune to do a small service for the newly appointed Governor, one day on the dock at Amsterdam, and Stuyvesant took a fancy to him. At any rate, he made him cabin boy, and a sort of personal attendant upon himself. There were four ships in the gallant expedition which set sail on Christmas morning, in 1646, while a great throng bade them godspeed. Jakob said it made a lump rise up in his throat to see his old father, who had sailed as a boy for these western seas forty years before, standing on the dock with his mother waving at him, and to realize that he was missing his Christmas dinner with them."

"I don't think *that* was nice!" This from little Cornie.

"No more it wasn't, younker. But in those days nobody had much time for leave-taking or sentiment. Folks set out for the ends of the earth on a day's notice. Well, as I said, they had four ships, and it was a gallant company. The Governor had his charming lady along, and her sister, a widow with two children about your size; and there were several other families, besides other officials, colonists, and traders. It was a goodly company, but needed much oversight. Jakob said that he was kept jumping on



PETER STUYVESANT BUILT A NEW PALISADE TO PROTECT THEM

little errands, for the Governor was a great martinet, but he came to like him despite it.

"They had a long voyage, because they went south by way of the West Indies, and did not reach New Amsterdam until May 11, 1647. My Grandsire had often heard of the wonderful bay, with its upper and lower confines connected by the Narrows, and the beautiful wooded land surrounding it. He said that it was fully as fine as he had been led to expect, and that it was at its fairest, that beautiful Spring morning. It must have looked good indeed to the persons who had been cooped up so long on shipboard. And he viewed with much curiosity the fort and settlement on the point of the island—but also with disappointment. The buildings looked meager and scattered indeed, when compared with old Amsterdam. There were a few sizable buildings, including a town hall, which Kieft had built, but all of them put together wouldn't make one good street in Amsterdam.

"They got a great reception from the people on shore, he said. The guns of the fort were fired, and the entire population of two hundred or so cheered and waved handkerchiefs, as the new Governor landed. This was to his liking, and it was with quite an air of royalty that he assured them he would govern them 'as a father does his children.' He was formally inaugurated on May 27, and read his people quite a speech. As my Grandsire said: 'He kept the people standing with their heads uncovered

for more than an hour, while he wore his own hat as if he were the Czar of Muscovy.'

"But Peter Stuyvesant, with all his vanity and ostentation, was a man of energy and purpose, and my Grandsire said that no man accused him of self-seeking or dishonesty. He served this colony for seventeen years, and threw his whole heart and soul into the task of making it great. Of course he made mistakes, because of his autocratic turn of mind, but his heart was usually in the right place.

"One of the first things he did was to set about restoring the public buildings and erecting a new palisade to protect them. Some of the farms were outside the old stockade, which was a dangerous thing when redskins were hostile. The new wall took in a great deal more ground, and where it ran was afterwards called Wall Street. Inside of this the streets were straightened out, a fire-warden and patrol were appointed, and a town council consisting of nine members representing not only Manhattan, but also Brooklyn, and Pavonia on the Jersey side of the river. A court of justice was also established. Of course all this took a deal of money, and so the taxes had to be raised. This caused much murmuring, and a petition of complaint was sent back to Holland. But Stuyvesant went right on, hewing to the line as he saw it, and letting the chips fall where they might.

"Jakob said that his own job was no easy one. The Governor had retained him as a sort of per-

sonal messenger, perhaps to save the wooden leg unnecessary steps. So Jakob had to carry the Governor's messages and demands—he never made requests—to the council or court. Then he was sent more than once to treat with the Indians, who were still sullen and suspicious. It was a long time before good relations were restored with them, especially as the traders plied them with drink every time they came to town. There was a row of cheap taverns and shops on a lower street, and the Governor required them to secure licenses and also to build better buildings 'for the adornment of the town.' He instituted a weekly market and an annual cattle fair.

"In the fifth year of his reign—for we can call it that—an event of great importance occurred. New Amsterdam, as it was now named, was made a city, with all municipal rights. This was formally proclaimed on the feast of Candlemas, February 2, 1653. But at first it was a free city only in name. Stuyvesant was too jealous of his own rights to do more. He calmly announced that the burgomasters were to be appointed by himself, instead of elected by the people, and that he would preside at their meetings and advise them in matters of importance.

"The doughty Governor was always on the move, and sometimes not to the advantage of his people. Jakob said that once he went on an expedition to the West Indies, and that there was much discontent when he outfitted his ship for that purpose. It had



"WE WILL ASSAULT THE FORT AND GIVE NO QUARTER"

[See page 67.]

been a hard Winter, so cold that 'ink froze on the pen.' Supplies were running a little low, so it was not to be wondered at that the people should murmur when a goodly portion was taken for ship's supplies. Jakob narrowly escaped rough handling when he went out to oversee matters, though the burghers knew he was only carrying out orders.

"The next year, 1655, a much more serious incident occurred. The Swedes had succeeded in setting up a colony on the Delaware, below what is now Wilmington. This did not suit the Dutch Company, and they sent word to Stuyvesant to dislodge them. It was a job to his liking, and Jakob said that trumpeters were sent through the streets and into the country asking for volunteers. A fleet of seven vessels was gotten together, with seven hundred men, and down they went to Fort Trinity, the Swedish stronghold. A parley ensued, which lasted for several days, until Stuyvesant got impatient.

"'If you don't strike your colors by sunrise tomorrow,' he told the Swedish Governor, 'we will assault the fort and give no quarter.'

"The Swedes decided it would be the part of wisdom to surrender, and they were allowed to march out of the fort with flags flying and with all the honors of war. But with their departure the dreams of a Swedish empire in the New World came to an end.

"It was just at this moment, in the first flush of his victory, that Stuyvesant heard terrible news from

New Amsterdam. A courier came by horseback to urge him to hasten back with all possible speed. What had happened was this:

"A former sheriff of the town, Van Dyck by name, caught an Indian squaw in the act of robbing his peach orchard. Without stopping to think, he raised his musket and fired at her. The poor woman fell dead. The murder aroused her tribe to vengeance. Knowing that the Governor was away on the expedition to the south, they stirred up all the river tribes and suddenly appeared before the city, at daybreak, nineteen hundred strong, in a fleet of sixty-four canoes. The city could not make any resistance and was promptly overrun. The Indians ransacked the houses, under pretense of looking for Van Dyck. The burgomasters went among them to persuade them to leave peaceably, and they sullenly embarked in their canoes and paddled over to Governor's Island. But after dark they returned, and killed Van Dyck and another man. The other citizens, though few in number, seized their arms and drove off the savages, leaving some dead upon the field.

"But though they were driven out of the town, the trouble was by no means over. They went to Hoboken, Pavonia, and Staten Island, and ravaged the farms, killing everybody in sight. Jakob said that in three days they massacred over a hundred, both old and young. Worst of all, a state of insecurity again prevailed, and men were afraid to go

out to till their fields. So it was a sorry homecoming for Stuyvesant's victorious fleet.

"The Governor, on his return, acted much more wisely than Kieft had done on a former occasion. He may have profited by the other's blunder. Instead of engaging on a long war of reprisal against the savages, he called some of their sachems to meet him in council, and there sifted down the whole trouble. Then he soothed them by kind words and entered into a fresh treaty with them. But he also counseled the outlying settlers not to trust this friendship too much, but to build blockhouses here and there, and form stockaded villages for mutual protection.

"But there, youngers, I hear your Mother calling to you that it is time to go to bed. To-morrow, perhaps, I shall tell you why it was that the Dutch lost New Amsterdam, and the English flag came to fly over its ramparts."

CHAPTER VI

THE ENGLISH SEIZE CONTROL

A GAIN Cornelius Van Wouter and his three grandchildren were engaged at their favorite pastime of luring the wily fish from the waters of the Hudson River. But once his hook was well baited, it was not long before the children clamored for another story.

"Are you sorry, Grandsire," asked Greta, "that the English took this country away from the Dutch?"

"No, child," he replied. "You know I fought under the English flag against the French and Indians—just as George Washington did, God bless him! No, the Dutch had their big opportunity, and missed it. Long before Stuyvesant's rule was ended, we were quite ready for some other master—at least, so my Grandfather Jakob often said.

"You see, it was this way. Here was a big and growing city, right under the thumb of a despotic Governor, and he, in turn, at the orders of a Dutch Company across the seas, who didn't care much how our affairs were managed, so long as the colony showed good trade balances. But with the English it was different. Their colonists were given very liberal charters, the one over in Connecticut being

especially good. So their colonies expanded and prospered while the Dutch ones never got farther afield than Fort Orange and a few scattered hamlets. We were not getting the breath of life—political freedom, or the right to manage our own affairs.

“Over in England, about this time, King Charles the Second had been restored to the throne of his fathers, and he granted to James, Duke of York, all the territory claimed by the Dutch. Of course he had no right to grant it, but that was the way with kings in those days. James was quite willing to look a gift horse in the mouth, so he set about equipping an expedition to come over and get it. Four war-ships and four hundred and fifty soldiers were commissioned, and sailed from Portsmouth in May, 1664, arriving in the port of Boston late in July.

“Governor Stuyvesant had patched up peace with the Indians and was going ahead serenely with domestic affairs, unmindful of the war cloud at the north. It is true that he had paid one visit to Governor Winthrop, of Connecticut, on a former occasion, when they had ironed out their grievances over an excellent dinner. So he was quite unprepared for the arrival off Coney Island of the British squadron, under the command of Colonel Richard Nicolls, who sent a note to him demanding the surrender of the ‘towns situated on the island commonly known by the name of Manhattoes, with all the forts thereunto belonging.’ Jakob was the one who conveyed this letter in to the Governor, and he said that

he never saw a man so mad. He raged and he swore, stamping up and down the floor with his wooden leg.

"The town was in no state of defense. The fort was old, and the supply of powder, in a general engagement, would not last more than a day. Stuyvesant sent back word asking three days to consider. These were granted, and meanwhile he talked to his burghers. They told him that the town could not hold out, and that it would be pillaged if he resisted. Secretly, many of them were glad the English were coming, as they were tired of his domineering ways. Stuyvesant set about putting the fort in the best state of defense, but the English ships meanwhile advanced through the Narrows and up to a point where their guns swept the city.

"On the morning of September 2, a rowboat left the fleet and approached the Battery. In it could be seen the commanding figure of Governor Winthrop, of Connecticut. He it was who had entertained Stuyvesant on his visit to Hartford, to protest upon the English encroachments, and the two were personally good friends. Winthrop was received with the dignity befitting his rank. He bore a letter from Nicolls, the fleet commander, promising protection to all the citizens, if the surrender were made peaceably. Winthrop then pointed out the danger and futility of resisting the British guns, which were by this time trained upon the city; but the stout old Dutch soldier wanted to fight. And he was auto-



A ROWBOAT LEFT THE FLEET AND APPROACHED THE BATTERY

cratic to the last. Nicolls's letter was addressed to the people, and when they gathered together in a crowd in front of the State House and wanted to hear it read, Stuyvesant flew into a great rage and said that it concerned 'the officers and not the commonalty'!

"It was a stormy scene, and Jakob said that he could not help admiring the old soldier, although he and everybody else saw how absurd it was to say that a question which concerned the safety of all should not be submitted to them. And besides all this, there was not much disposition to resist.

" 'Why should we fight?' they asked openly. 'We

are treated little better than slaves. Over in Connecticut they have a charter that means something. If the English want to give us a charter like that, we would be foolish to fight.'

"When Governor Winthrop had departed, Stuyvesant stalked down to the ramparts, followed by Jakob and the dominie of the church. He was still defiant, but as he looked out at the hostile fleet he may have thought bitterly of the day, not so long before, when he himself had dictated terms of surrender to the Swedish governor. Now someone else was the piper, and it was his turn to dance. Howbeit, he went right ahead with his plans of defense, and ordered the gunners to make ready to fire.

"Seeing this, the dominie went up to him and laid his hand on the Governor's shoulder. 'What would you do, friend?' he asked. 'It is madness. What will our twenty guns do in the face of the sixty-two which are pointed toward us on yonder frigates? Pray, do not be the first to shed blood!'

"Just at this moment Jakob was given a petition to present to the Governor. It was signed by nearly a hundred citizens, and urged him to accept the British terms to save the city from destruction. As Stuyvesant turned and went slowly back to the State House, women and children knelt before him in the street with tears in their eyes, begging him to protect them. Seeing the temper of his own people, the stern veteran, who in all his long life had never be-

fore turned his back on the enemy, was forced to yield.

"‘I had rather be carried to my grave,’ he said, as he ordered the colors struck and a white flag hoisted from the fort.

"Thus, without the firing of a single shot, the rule of the Dutch came to an end."

"But didn't they try to get it back again?" asked Peter. "*I would have fought!*"

"Good for you, lad!" said the old man with a chuckle, patting him on the back. "There spoke your Dutch blood. Yes, they did try to get the city back, and this time there was some bloodshed. You see, when the English came in, they were not at war with Holland, so that country said it was an act of piracy. A war soon broke out between the two countries, which was fought on the high seas, and the Dutch made it mighty uncomfortable for the other fellow, as they had a fine navy in those days. For two years the Dutch had the better of it, but when a treaty of peace was finally signed, they gave up New Netherland, in exchange for some ports in the East Indies and elsewhere—which meant that they gave up the very thing that started the war!

"And so, New Amsterdam became New York, in honor of the English Duke; and Fort Orange became Albany."

"But I thought you said there was some fighting," persisted Peter.

"So there was—several years later—in August of

1673, I think it was. The Dutch had a fine fleet of seven ships of war, besides about sixteen prize vessels and some 1,600 men. One day, without warning, they came sailing up through the Narrows, just as the English had done, and trained their guns on the city. The English commander tried to put the fort hastily into a condition for defense, but some of the Dutch citizens, overjoyed at seeing the old flag back in the harbor, spiked the guns so that they could not be fired. But the commander was still defiant—just as old Stuyvesant had been.

“‘Why have you come in such hostile manner to disturb his Majesty’s subjects in this place?’ he demanded of the Dutch commander.

“‘We are but taking back our own,’ was the reply; ‘and our own we shall have.’

“They allowed only half an hour for parley, and when that time was up they fired a broadside at the fort, doing considerable damage and killing several men. After a feeble resistance, the Dutch landed 600 men on the Manhattan bank of the East River. They were joined by 400 burghers, who went with them to storm the fort. A bloody fight was narrowly avoided, but the English commander saw the hopelessness of the situation and surrendered.

“Down went the Union Jack, and up went the tricolor of Holland. With colors flying and drums beating, the invading army marched down Broadway, and New York again became New Amsterdam. Vessels were sent up the Hudson as far as Albany,

which also yielded, as likewise did the towns on Staten Island. So it looked as though our forbears were back again. The old order of things was restored, and Captain Anthony Colve was made Governor of the recaptured province.

"But over in Europe they were just playing battledore and shuttlecock with us, and before the passage of a twelvemonth, the English and Dutch made another treaty, and again this country came into English hands. New York it was to be, instead of New Amsterdam."

"What became of Peter Stuyvesant?" asked little Greta. "I can just see him now, stumping up and down on that wooden leg."

"Why, he went back to Holland to answer charges brought by the Company, for giving up the city. They blamed him, instead of themselves. He took with him Jakob and two or three others for witnesses, and defended himself so well that he was finally acquitted. He came back here and had a fine farm, called the Bowery, which Jakob managed for him. He lived to be over eighty, and was peppery to the last. Yes, Peter Stuyvesant was a man's man."

CHAPTER VII

ON THE FRONTIER

THE old Bowery was a fine farm in my Grand-sire's day," continued Cornelius Van Wouter.

"I remember it well as a lad. It was there that my Father was born, and he was a farmer all his life. But I was built differently, somehow. Even as a lad, if there was a fight anywhere, I could always get into it. And as I grew up, I found lots of fights—but that is getting ahead of my story.

"As I say, my Father was a peaceable man. But then most of the Dutch and English living around the city were peaceable. They were a trading and farming folk, and the English guns protected them from danger. But it was different up country—on the frontier. In fact, for the next hundred years, or from the time the Dutch flag was hauled down until the outbreak of the Revolution, there wasn't much that you would call exciting down around the city. It just grew and grew, and pushed out until it took in many a small farm, or bowery, including the old Stuyvesant lands. And one English governor succeeded another, all more intent on showing good trade balances with the old country than in listening to the foolish pleas of the people for liberty to manage their own affairs.

"But, up there on the frontier things were happening all the time. The trouble with the powerful Five Nations began when Champlain took sides against them, as I told you the other day. The Senecas and Mohawks and others never forgave the French, and were ever ready to raise their tomahawks against them. The settlers in the middle part of the country were often unwilling actors in the conflicts. And away up toward the border, near the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, was a troubled land indeed.

"After Champlain, other intrepid Frenchmen came, who left their impress; such men as La Salle, who had an ambitious scheme for building a chain of forts all along these waterways and even down the Mississippi¹; and Frontenac, the warlike Governor of Canada. La Salle built a fort at Niagara, the farthest outpost of this colony to the west. Besides these, there were missionaries, such as Father Hennepin and Father La Motte, who tried to bring in the French ways peaceably; and the ever industrious fur-traders. But the Iroquois, the most warlike of the tribes, were not to be curbed, and after they obtained firearms they were foes to be dreaded. They made forays as far west as Illinois, and as far south as Virginia. They defied the French on all sides, but held a certain allegiance to the English.

"After several skirmishes in which the French got

¹ See "Illinois, A Romantic Story for Young People."

the worst of it, Governor Frontenac decided upon a bold stroke, to regain supremacy. His plans were not only to subdue the Indians, but also to drive out all the English colonists—make a clean sweep of it, you might say. So he organized three expeditions: one against all the settlements between Albany and Boston; a second from Quebec into Maine; a third directly south from Montreal into upper New York.

“This third expedition set out in February, 1690. There were about one hundred Frenchmen and as many Indians, including a few Mohawks who had been induced to join the French. Their first point of attack was the village of Schenectady, where once had stood the ancient castle of the Mohawks, when these Indians were the head of the Five Nations. Kryn, the great Mohawk chief, was leading them. They approached the sleeping town at midnight, on snow-shoes. A driving snow-storm further prevented their discovery. A fiendish war-whoop from the streets of the little town first gave warning of danger—and it was the last sound that many ever heard. Sixty persons were killed on the spot and ninety were captured. Of the sixty or more houses comprising the settlement, all were burned but six. It was one of the bloodiest massacres of the period, and had been unprovoked.

“Peter Schuyler was then Mayor of Albany, and he was stirred to action by this deed. The French invaders had retreated with their prisoners and spoils, but Schuyler appealed to the New York au-

thorities, and also the Massachusetts Governor, for aid. His brother, John, led an expedition of New Yorkers the next year. His force consisted of 266 men, 120 being white. They encountered a larger force of the French and their Indian allies near Fort Chambly, and the fight was later described by Frontenac as being one of the hottest and most stubborn ever fought in Canada. Captain John Schuyler says: 'We broke through the middle of their body until we got into their rear, trampling on their dead, then faced upon them and fought them until we made them give way; then drove them by strength of arm four hundred paces before us.'

"The Iroquois marched north and threatened Montreal, but were driven back. Later, Frontenac, now an old man, made a great invasion of the central valleys of New York, from Fort Frontenac, his stronghold on Lake Ontario, but he didn't make much headway. The Indians fought him at every step. Then France and England made peace in 1697, which ended these border wars for a time.

"Peter Schuyler, the brave Mayor of Albany, was much more successful in dealing with the Iroquois than Frontenac was. He entertained them in his own home and acted as a commissioner to them. They knew him as 'Father Quider.' Once he took five chiefs with him on a voyage to London, to urge that their claims and rights be respected. It was due to him and others like him that the English were permitted to make settlements in the interior.

"Another white man who exerted a wide influence was William Johnson—Sir William, as we came to call him later. He was a young Irish lad who came to this country when scarcely more than twenty years old. In the year 1738 he entered the Mohawk Valley, to superintend the properties of his uncle, but he soon found far more to do than that. He was a fine, well-set-up man who was afraid of nothing or nobody, and he had a rare gift of making friends with the red men. They knew a man when they saw one. He dealt honestly with them in trade, and learned their language. He conformed to many of their customs, and took a sister of Brant, the famous Mohawk chief, for his wife.

"His uncle, Sir Peter Warren, had obtained the grant to a large tract of land, but it was then nothing but wilderness. You could travel for days and days west from Albany toward Niagara without finding a single house—unless it was an Indian hut. With its many lakes and watercourses, it was a favorite resort of the trappers. I wish I could make you youngers see that country as I saw it when, as a young fellow, I was sent out on a mission from the Governor in New York, to William Johnson.

"What I am going to tell you about, from here on, is what I saw with my own eyes or heard with these two ears. I told you awhile ago that I never could keep out of a fight. Well, when I got up into the Mohawk Valley, I found all the trouble I wanted. But that's another story, and it's getting late."

CHAPTER VIII

THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR

I WELL remember the day when I first met Sir William Johnson," said Cornelius Van Wouter as he resumed his story-telling, the next afternoon. "Many was the tale that we had heard tell of his power and the great estate where he lived. He had built a stone castle up there in the wilds, with a palisade all about it, and he had all the power of an ancient baron or feudal lord. He numbered his men by the hundreds—scouts, trappers, traders, hunters—and, best of all, he had thousands of Indian allies who called him their 'Great Brother' and came to him for advice in all their disputes—which were many.

"A lot of things they told about him were exaggerated, but a lot of other things were true. I found his estate, Johnson Hall, an imposing place indeed, with scores of persons, white and red, going and coming all the time. I was the bearer of a letter from Governor De Lancey, so was admitted to see the great man at once, but I think I would have been admitted just as easily without it. Before reading the letter, he looked at me in a friendly fashion and asked who I might be.

“‘I am a scout in his Majesty’s service,’ I told him; as indeed I was. At an early age I had found life on the farm too humdrum, and had gotten into military service. And I had learned Indian lingo and ways, too. So I was soon made a scout, and sent on many a mission into Long Island, Jersey, and up as far as Albany. But this was my first trip into the central valley of New York. All this I told him later, for he was a man who invited your confidence. Just now our talk was brief, for Sir William called a servant and bade him give me some food and see that I had a place to rest, after my long journey.

“The letter told him, as I already knew—for I had committed it to memory—that his presence was desired in New York City at once, to attend an important council. It gave no other details, as it might have fallen into the hands of some French spy; but I supplied these by word of mouth. They were, in effect, that the French and their Indian allies were plotting another uprising against the English, and that a French fleet had come to Canada with large war supplies. It had been pursued by an English fleet, and two ships sunk, but the rest had come to safe anchorage in the St. Lawrence River. Meanwhile, the English had sent General Braddock over to head an expedition against the enemy at the south, and it was proposed to send out four expeditions to the north; of which, Sir William Johnson himself was to head one.

"Some years before, while the French and English were still nominally at peace, the French had sent a force down Lake Champlain and had built a fort at Crown Point, or St. Frederic, as they called it. This was in 1731, and it was only fourteen years later that a force of French and Indians had set out from this fort and fallen upon the little settlement of Saratoga and wiped it out. Among twenty houses only one family had escaped. It was as bloody a massacre as that of Schenectady, though not so great. And it showed how defenseless would be the English and Dutch settlers, if a war should break out. The French had a chain of forts along the St. Lawrence River at the north, one fort at



HE AND I RODE OVERLAND TO ALBANY

Niagara, and one to the south at Du Quesne, which was later Pittsburgh. It was against this last one that General Braddock was planning to move, and he was being aided by a young Virginia officer, George Washington. The plan was for Sir William Johnson to move against Crown Point at the same time. This was in 1755, before war was actually declared, but we weren't going to wait for the other fellow to start any more fights; we were going to start this one ourselves.

"Sir William called me into his office after I had eaten my dinner, and asked me many questions about affairs in general, and what was desired of him in New York. The upshot of it all was that he and I and a small party started the very next morning and rode overland to Albany, where we got boats and went by water to New York.

"There was a council of many dignitaries in the city, and plans were set afoot to strike both at the north, by way of Crown Point, and toward Niagara and the Great Lakes. General Shirley was to head the last expedition, and join out there with the forces of Braddock from the south. The plan looked mighty good on paper, but just at this juncture scouts came flying in with the story that the forces of Braddock and Washington had met a disastrous defeat in Pennsylvania.¹ That was terrible news, and you can well imagine what excitement it caused in the streets of New York town. Some of the citizens had visions

¹ See "Pennsylvania, A Romantic Story for Young People."

of the French and Indians coming down the Hudson River almost any day and falling upon New York itself! So recruiting went on at a lively rate, and soon Sir William had all the men he could use.

"In the meantime, he had gone back north to call a powwow of his Mohawk allies, and I got permission to go with him. It was a great sight. The redskins came, bag and baggage, warriors, squaws, and papooses—about a thousand of them—and I thought they would eat him out of house and home; for you cannot hurry an Indian when plenty of food is in sight. But at last they got started, and joined the other forces at Albany—about 3,000 in all. Then the Indians held a huge war-dance, and they put war paint on Sir William's face and stuck feathers in his hair, and he whooped and danced with the best of them. Then, with his sword, he cut the first slice from one of the oxen that had been barbecued whole.

" 'I shall be glad,' remarked an English sergeant to me, 'if they fight as eagerly as they eat and drink!' He found out soon that they did.

"It was on an August day that we started on the warpath. For body-guard Johnson had fifty picked Mohawk warriors, including 'King Hendrik,' a famous chief, and Joseph Brant, then a boy, but later to be quite as famous. At Fort Edward, further up the Hudson River, we were joined by a body of New England troops under General Lyman and Colonel Williams, with about 250 Indians. Throwing out scouts ahead of us, we marched on till we

came to Lake George—only it was not so called then. The Indians had a name for it, meaning 'Lake in the Mountains'; and the French called it 'Saint Sacrement.' But when our forces reached it, General Johnson rechristened it 'Lake George,' in honor of King George, and to serve notice to the French, for all time, that it was English.

"Here we made an encampment and sent out scouting parties. I was in one of these, and we soon learned from our Indian allies that the French had not been idle, either. They were sending down a large expedition from Canada, by way of Lake Champlain, to hold Crown Point and the lake itself. We were told that they had 3,000 men, counting Indians, and 800 of them were grenadiers from the old country. They were under the command of Baron Dieskau.

"So on September 8, Johnson, after a council of war, sent a thousand men, in three parties, to the relief of Fort Edward, which was being threatened. One detachment under Colonel Williams fell into an ambush, and in the fighting the leader was killed. It was only about two miles from our main camp, at a place called Bloody Pond. I happened to be in the rear guard, and as soon as the fighting started I went back at a dead run to call out reinforcements. That's what a scout is for, you know—to tell the General what's going on. Well, you can believe our General didn't lose much time in sending a relief and also preparing for the main attack. We had earth

breastworks up in no time, and some cannon behind them.

"Pretty soon here came the French regulars. They disdained to fight from behind trees, like the Indians, but attacked gallantly in the open. They tried to carry our works by storm, at right, left, and center, but our men, as Dieskau himself said later, 'fought like devils,' and Johnson seemed everywhere at once. Both he and Dieskau were severely wounded before the day was over, for both were brave men. Then, seeing the French waver, the colonials leaped over the parapets and started an attack on their own account, finally driving the



THE COLONIALS LEAPED OVER THE PARAPETS

French before them into wild flight. The fighting had lasted all day long, and was a brilliant victory for our troops. It was known as the Battle of Lake George, and when news of it spread throughout the New England colonies, it took away much of the sting of Braddock's defeat. Our people down in New York began to get over their scare of a French invasion.

"The French fell back upon their position at Crown Point, which they strengthened. They also set about building a fort to the south at Ticonderoga, which they called Carillon, near the southern tip of Lake Champlain. In the meantime, our General built Fort William Henry, on the site of our victory. It was around these forts that some of the heaviest fighting of the next four years took place, for the Battle of Lake George was only the opening gun. If we thought we had the French and Indians licked, we were soon to find out differently.

"It was on account of this victory that our General was made a knight, and became Sir William. He had been badly wounded, as I have said, so he returned home and gave over the active command to another. But the British generals who were sent over, one after another, were a poor lot; they preferred to eat and drink in the safety of some garrison, to taking the field and risking ambushes from the Indians. So things began to go from bad to worse for us. A new French commander had come in—and he was as able as our British officers were

the other thing. He was the brave and brilliant Montcalm.

"In the summer of 1756 he marched west to the shores of Lake Ontario. Here he captured Fort Ontario by assault, and then turned its guns upon Oswego, which was one of our most important strongholds. After a brief fight, it surrendered, and the garrison gave itself up as prisoners of war. The bloodthirsty Canadian Indians, with wild war-whoops, sprang forward; they had visions of the bloody massacres and scalping which had followed other fights.

" 'Stand back there!' ordered Montcalm, sternly.

"When some of the savages persisted, he ordered out a file of his own soldiers and told them to fire upon the Indians who had disobeyed orders. Six fell dead at the first volley, and the rest slunk back. The garrison was saved, and marched as prisoners of war to Montreal. There were 1,600 men, besides large stores. The two fortresses were leveled so completely that hardly a mark remained to be seen. It was a heavy blow, for now the French were in complete control of the lake.

"Montcalm's next move was south along Lake Champlain toward Fort William Henry. I had gotten word of this while scouting in the Adirondacks, and I hurried to Sir William with the news. He sent me at once to General Webb, the British commander, who was at Fort Edward with 4,000 men. But do you think that General would stir a

foot to the relief of Colonel Monroe, at Fort William Henry? He not only didn't do so, but when Sir William started up there with a relief force, he ordered him back, to support *him*! While Webb, the over-cautious, dallied, the impetuous Montcalm swept all before him. The brave Monroe was surrounded and cut off, but fought bravely for two days before surrendering. Once again the French Indians got beyond control and butchered and scalped thirty prisoners, before Montcalm could stop them. The fort itself was razed to the ground.

"Sir William wrote a sharp letter about the conduct of the regulars, and sent it to General Abercrombie, at the head of the army at Albany. I know, for I carried it myself. The General got red in the face, and blustered and swore; but for all that he didn't do anything. That was a sad Winter for us in the Mohawk Valley, for while the British stayed safely housed, the French and Indians struck pretty much where they pleased. Once a party of 300 surprised a village called Palatine, about three o'clock in the morning, massacred forty, and carried 150 more into captivity. They also drove off 3,000 head of cattle and sheep. It would have been a lot worse than that in other sections, but for the fact that Sir William still held most of the Iroquois in check. But many a time I have heard some of them sneer at the way the English made war. It was high time that something was being done, and the powers over in London at last realized that fact. They sent over

a large force of fresh troops, and determined to drive Montcalm out of Ticonderoga.

"That was the biggest army I had yet seen. It was encamped at the head of Lake George, on the site of the charred ruins of Fort William Henry, and the commanding General, Abercrombie, held a big review on the morning of July 5, 1758. There were 7,000 British regulars, in their bright red coats, and upwards of 10,000 colonials, more soberly clad. Then there was a fringe of Indian scouts. It was an imposing sight. They had a flotilla of 900 bateaux, besides other boats, to convey them across the lake. I remember one Highland regiment in full costume, with gay ribbons and bagpipes. It was a joyous crowd, which looked as if it were going on a picnic, and no one doubted for a minute that victory was in sight. The hills re-echoed to the roll of drums, the clear call of bugles, and the music of regimental bands.

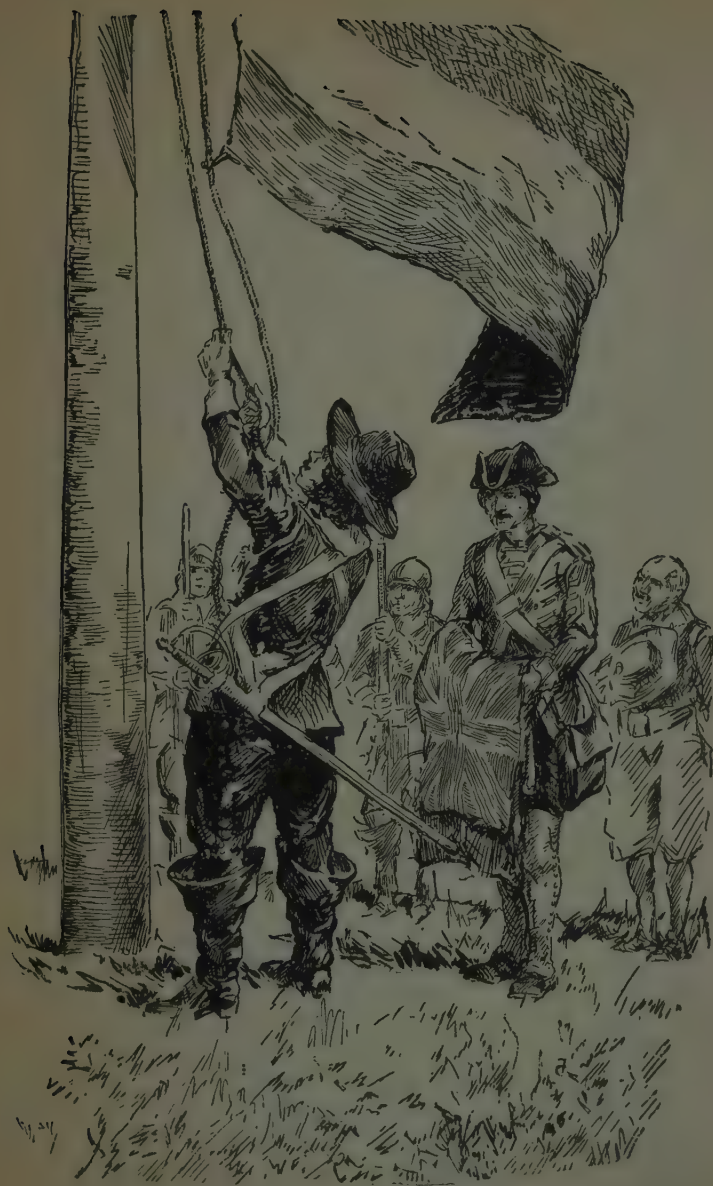
"But it was the story of Braddock's defeat over again. The English were over-confident and fell into a trap. Lord Howe was sent ahead with an advance guard, and was ambushed. In the ensuing fight he fell, and his loss threw a damper on the main body. But on the morning of the 8th, Abercrombie reached a point of the woods about a mile from Ticonderoga. He resolved to take the fort by assault without waiting for his heavy guns. At this moment Sir William Johnson came up with a body of 300 Indians, and advised bringing up the cannon,

but the General paid little heed to him. He was all for charging with the bayonet.

"The British regulars advanced gallantly and made a brave showing. But they had not gone far before they became entangled in the limbs and brush of trees that Montcalm had scattered everywhere through the woods. Then, as they struggled forward toward the log breastwork of the fort, Montcalm, who stood with his coat off in the trenches, ordered his gunners to fire. Down upon the struggling troops came the shot, mowing down rank after rank. For an hour or more this terrible slaughter lasted, until the British finally retreated in the utmost disorder. They lost nearly 2,000 men that bloody day.

"As for us scouts, both white and red, we could do little but watch the massacre. We picked off gunners when they showed their caps, and Sir William did his best to re-form the scattered troops, but to no avail. At sunset that fatal day, the British force of 15,000 men were in full retreat back toward Albany. They had been defeated by a much inferior force, but one that was in a well-fortified position. Had Abercrombie waited for his big guns, the result ought to have been different.

"This fresh defeat, of course, threw the colony into further dread of the French, and many settlers fled down the Hudson River. The talk everywhere was of a great invasion of the enemy. But Colonel Bradstreet, one of the coolest and bravest of the



UP WENT THE TRICOLOR OF HOLLAND

[See page 78.]

British officers who had fought that day at Ticonderoga, felt the disgrace so keenly that he petitioned to be allowed to lead a force against Fort Frontenac. His request was finally granted, and he took a force of 2,700—nearly half of them being New Yorkers—with some Iroquois scouts, and went by open boat on Lake Ontario. On the 26th day of August he made a surprise attack upon the fort and captured it. This was a brilliant victory, and once more gave us partial control of the great lake.

“This was the beginning of the end for the French, and the next year—1759—saw our flag in the ascendant. You can well believe that Sir William had not been idle. He had spent the preceding Fall and Winter in rallying his Indian forces. I was one of a picked body of twenty scouts kept constantly on the go. I could tell you many a tale of marches through the wilderness in the dead of Winter, of making my bed night after night out in the open, and of trusting to my gun to keep my stomach full of food. But that is all a part of the scout’s life, and we thought nothing of it. By May we had got together 700 braves, and with Sir William at their head we marched west toward Niagara. There we joined two regiments of British regulars—about 2,200 men—under General Prideaux. We stoutly attacked the fort, and in the fighting that followed our commander was killed. The chief command then fell on Sir William, and he proved worthy of it. A French force had been sent to the relief of the

fort. We met and defeated it in an open fight, then turned again on the fort and, on July 25, we captured it, with a garrison of over 600 men. This cut all the French communications to the west, and the praise of Sir William was upon every lip, both in New York and in England. Maybe we scouts and our Iroquois allies didn't hold a big feast! Better still, it proved to our Indians that we could fight.

"Well, I could sit here romancing all day about things that happened that year; for they happened thick and fast. General Abercrombie was recalled, and we were all glad of it. In his stead came a real fighter, Sir Jeffrey Amherst, a man who filled you with confidence the moment you set eyes on him. Yet he was quiet and didn't say much. He had a keen eye, a pleasant smile, and a fighting chin. He was a man who did things. In that same month of July, he got together a force of 11,000 men and moved on Ticonderoga—but he didn't march with trumpets blaring and flags flying. He came quietly and brought his big guns with him. He laid siege to the fortress, and after four days the French took to their boats, in the darkness of night, and abandoned the fort. The English first learned of the fact from three deserters, who came to General Amherst and told him also that a fuse had been laid in the powder magazine, which would soon blow it sky-high. The General offered a reward of a hundred guineas to any one who would cut the fuse, but all shrank from the perilous undertaking. It was then ten o'clock at

night. All was silent for an hour, as they watched. Then suddenly a fierce glare lit up the sky, followed by a deafening roar. A few moments later fragments of the old fort were heard to splash far out into the waters of the lake. But when the British marched in, they found that only one bastion had been destroyed.

"The retreating French forces had meanwhile fallen back on Crown Point. Amherst grimly followed them up, and again they had to abandon their refuge and retreat northward. As they at last withdrew, by way of Lake Champlain, to Canada, the soil of New York was free for all time from French possession.

"But this was not all. The French soon found that even their hold on Canada was in jeopardy. The plan of campaign had been for Amherst to join the forces of General Wolfe, who was investing Quebec. But Amherst was delayed in rebuilding the forts destroyed by the French. Wolfe waited until September, and as Amherst did not come, he resolved to strike at the strong fortress of Quebec unaided. After one or two rash attempts to storm the citadel, he hit upon a ruse. He sent Admiral Holmes with a fleet of vessels up the river. The decoy was successful. Montcalm, who was defending Quebec, supposed that the next attack would be directed against Montreal; so he sent off 3,000 men to the aid of that city.

"On the same calm, clear evening that saw the departure of the French troops, Wolfe put his bold

plan into execution. Two hours before daylight, on the fateful morning of September 17, thirty flat-boats containing 1,600 soldiers left the British vessels and dropped silently down the river toward the sleeping fortress. The oars were muffled, and heavy black clouds drifting across the sky further concealed their movements. They grounded softly on the strand below the frowning heights, where, with others from his land forces, Wolfe ordered them to clamber up, single file.

"At dawn they stood in battle array on the Plains of Abraham, as the natural parade ground was called. The startled sentries went to apprise Montcalm of the danger.

" 'Surely,' he said, 'it can be but a small party come to burn a few houses and retire.'

"But he was soon convinced of the magnitude of his danger, and the bugles blew to a general attack. The battle that followed is one of the best known in our history. Both sides fought with great fury, and the two leaders were equally brave. Wolfe, in leading his men, received three wounds, and fell. One of his officers, holding him up, exclaimed, 'See how they run!' 'Who run?' demanded the dying leader. 'The enemy, sir. They give way everywhere!' 'Now God be praised; I will die in peace,' were the last words of the gallant Wolfe.

"Montcalm received his death wound at almost the same time. He was borne off the field of action, and gently told that his moments were numbered.

'I am glad of it,' he replied. 'I am happy that I shall not see the surrender of Quebec.'

"The capture of Quebec did indeed sound the death knell to the French hopes in Canada, although they held out until the following year in Montreal. Then three armies moved at once against them—one being under General Amherst. Montreal was forced to surrender, and, on September 8, 1760, the French Governor formally ceded all Canada to Great Britain. The French and Indian War was over, but at a fearful toll of property and lives. And of all New England, our colony of New York had borne the brunt of it."

The three children had listened with such close attention to the story of their Grandfather's adventures that they had not asked him a question. But now both Peter and Cornie inquired, almost together: "What became of Sir William Johnson?"

"I stayed with Sir William for some years after that," the old man replied. "He was made a Major-General, as well as a knight, for his services. Then a little later he stood like a bulwark between the colony and another Indian danger. A great chief named Pontiac started a border war—this was in 1763—and the Iroquois were wavering. Sir William made a strong fortress out of his place, Johnson Hall. He mounted some brass cannon on the stone towers, and he so influenced his allies that Pontiac was held at bay. Then again, a few years later, a dispute arose over lands claimed by the Indians, that

the white settlers were taking up. Sir William, as the Indian commissioner, stood for the rights of his red friends, and compelled the proprietors, as the chief owners were called, to pay a thousand pounds to the Indians for the lands. It was no wonder that, for such acts as these, the Indians always called him 'Great Brother.'

"Finally, in 1774—I can well recall the day; it was the 12th of July—after I had been sent, with other scouts, to summon the Indians to a grand council, to discuss further land grievances, there were 600 of them camped around in the grounds surrounding Johnson Hall. As he sat at a table facing some of the head sachems, Sir William suddenly leaned forward and rested his head on his hands. I stood behind him, as I always did, to carry messages; and when I saw that he was ill I sprang forward with some of his Indian friends to lift him up. We carried him into the veranda of his castle, and there, just at sunset, he expired.

"The Indians mourned him for days. 'A great chief has gone,' they said. And they were right. Both they and the colonists had lost a friend. I have served with many a man in the course of my long life, but there was none that I would as willingly have taken orders from as Sir William Johnson."

CHAPTER IX

HOW NEW YORK FOUGHT FOR LIBERTY

GRANDSIRE, tell us about the next time you fought up at Ticonderoga," said Greta, when again the little group of Van Wouters had gathered upon the river bank. It was a story that the old man never tired of telling, and to which the children never tired of listening.

"Oh, *that* wasn't much of a fight!" he chuckled. "I went to old Ti three different times, you know, but the last time it was under a different flag. I told you yesterday about the time when the French had been driven out, and blew up a part of the works. Well, the English repaired the fort and placed a small garrison there, with the Union Jack floating from the ramparts. But old Ti was an insecure place to live in, as the new tenants soon found out.

"You see, the War of the Revolution was on. You all know how it started—the levying of the Stamp Act and other high-handed deeds on the part of the British officials. They wanted to tax us, but to give us no voice in the making of laws. In the year 1775 hostilities which had long smoldered broke out into open flame—here, yonder, and everywhere throughout the colonies. You have listened to many a tale

of the Revolution, so I shall tell you of only a few things that concerned our own State of New York; and one of the first of these was that little call that we paid to the British at Ticonderoga.

"I first heard of the plan from another scout who came with a message for me, from Colonel Ethan Allen, who lived over on the other side of the lake, in Vermont. He had got together a band of his neighbors, who called themselves the 'Green Mountain Boys.' They sent for me because I was supposed to know more about old Ti than anybody else. I went up there, and we assembled one evening in May, of the year 1775. We crossed the lake just before dawn—it is not any wider there than a good-sized river—and crept up the hill until we got under the shadow of the guns. Then, one by one, we climbed over the walls, waiting each time until the lazy sentry was at the opposite side of the fort. At last we were all safely inside, under the command of Allen and Seth Warner, and with me acting as chief scout. The next time the guard came around our way I grabbed him so quickly that he didn't have time to utter more than a peep. I clapped my hand over his mouth, and after that things happened pretty fast. Colonel Allen dashed into the British commander's rooms, and found that gentleman still in bed.

" 'Get out of here! What do you want?' the surprised officer shouted, trying to get to his sword.

"‘I want this fort, and I mean to have it,’ replied Allen, standing in his way.

"‘By what authority?’

"‘I demand its surrender in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress,’ answered Allen.



"IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT JEHOVAH
AND THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS."

"In the meantime, the rest of us were so placed that we could shoot down any man who tried to get at his arms. They didn't know how many of us there were—though it was actually but a handful—so the crestfallen officer surrendered, and we saw to it that he and his men marched out without delay. Then we hustled on up the lake and seized Crown

Point with as little trouble, and it no longer belonged to the Crown—at least, for the time being.”

“Why? Did the British get it again?” asked Cornie.

“Yes, they came marching down from Canada, the very next year, in such force that the colonists found it prudent to give up Crown Point, which was not strongly fortified, and make a stouter stand at Ticonderoga. General Burgoyne was at the head of the British force, and great things were expected of him. He was to proceed straight down through New York, stamping out the rebellion as he came, and unite his forces with Clinton, above the city of New York. Thus, with this State as an opening wedge, the Revolution would be split wide open. Oh, it was a grand scheme—but the only trouble with it was that it didn’t work!

“General Burgoyne first turned his attention to old Ti, where we had a defending force under St. Clair. General Phipps, second in command to Burgoyne, dragged up some guns upon Mt. Defiance, a point commanding the fort. This was also called Sugar Loaf Hill, and for some reason had never been fortified. When he saw these guns in position, St. Clair knew that he could not defend the fort, so once more it changed hands, and the colonials retreated southward. Burgoyne’s men pressed after them, but they had hard going. Instead of marching by way of Lake George, Burgoyne went by way of Wood Creek, through a heavily wooded country.

"I was again up in that country serving as scout, and when General St. Clair held a hurried council of war at Fort Edward, and I was asked about the lay of the land, I said: 'General, I believe we can beat 'em without losing a man—or mighty few men at best.'

" 'How?' he asked sharply.

" 'Why, by cutting down trees across their path. Here they are wasting a lot of time and energy building a military road to the south. If we keep just ahead of them and cut down trees and brush in their path, they will have a lot of trouble getting through, as that is a mighty thick country.'

"Well, the General thought it was a good idea, and so we did just that—and the British had a terrible time of it. What's more, Burgoyne's supplies began to run low. But he pressed on, with our forces retreating just ahead of him, but not giving him a chance to fight in the open.

"Finally, on September 19—the year was 1777—Burgoyne reached Bemis Heights, nine miles south of old Saratoga, where he got the chance to fight all he wanted to. The Americans were entrenched there, under Gates, and looking for a fight themselves. Your father was in that fight; it was the first time he tasted powder. As usual, I had been out on scout duty, with others, and we had told Gates all about the size of the British force and its condition, long before it hove in sight. Burgoyne was a bold leader, and he jumped into the fight with eagerness. Here

at last were those rascally rebels, right out in the open! He tried to turn our left flank, but he found generals just as brave facing him. Two of the best of these were Dan Morgan and Benedict Arnold."

"Arnold, the traitor?" asked Peter.

"Yes, the very same, but a natural-born fighter, nevertheless. In the early days of the Revolution no man fought with greater bravery and brilliance than he. In this first Battle of Saratoga he and Morgan fought Burgoyne so fiercely for two hours, that the British ranks broke. I was sent back to General Gates for more men, and I believe that if Gates had supported him promptly, Burgoyne would have been completely defeated then and there. But the British forces were allowed to retire, and the two armies had a breathing spell for eighteen days. Each side had lost nearly a thousand men in this first encounter, so you can see it was a fierce and bloody fight.

"The second battle occurred on October 7, and was as hotly contested as the first. By this time Burgoyne had learned to respect the fighting qualities of our troops, and moved with a little more caution. Besides, his back was to the wall; a defeat for him in a country surrounded by enemies would prove fatal. But our General Gates also hung back, for some reason or other, and the engagement was going slowly until the bold Arnold grew tired and rushed into the field without orders. In a series of impetuous attacks, he, with Dan Morgan and



THE PROUD BURGOYNE HANDED OVER HIS SWORD

Enoch Poor, broke through the British lines and threw them into disorder. The British finally turned and ran, followed by our cheering men. Just at the close of the battle, I happened to see Arnold struck down. I called some men, and we ran to his assistance. We thought he had his death wound—and I have often wished since that it had been so, for it would have made his name forever famous in our history. We bore him off the field, and he was carried in a litter to Albany, where he lay for some weeks before he recovered.

“As for General Burgoyne, his star had set. Ten

days after this second fight he found himself entirely cut off from either supplies or relief from Clinton at the south. He was forced to surrender, with all his army. This was one of the greatest disasters which befell the British on our soil. I can see it yet—the two armies on parade, looking at each other silently. And then the proud Burgoyne slowly comes forward, salutes General Gates, and hands over his sword.”

“Cricket! I wish I had been there!” said Peter, with shining eyes. “And to think that both you and Daddy were in it!”

“What happened next?” asked Cornie, always “greedy for stories,” as his Grandfather said.

“Well, a good deal happened up York State,” the latter replied. “But the next big thing was Sullivan’s expedition against the Indians. I hated to take part in that, as I knew many of these braves personally, and more than one had done me favors in the old days, but there wasn’t any way out of it. You remember that I told you about Sir William Johnson’s death in 1774—just before the Revolution broke out. His son John, who was knighted by the king, was a Tory. Now you know there were a lot of Tories who were just as sincere in holding for the king as the patriots were in holding for the colonies. They were honest in their allegiance to the crown, and they gave up a lot for the sake of their convictions—and Sir John was one of them. When some of us came to Sir John at the outbreak of hostilities, and

asked him to cast in his name with the cause of freedom, he answered that he 'would sooner have his head cut off, than lift a finger against his king.' And he meant it, too.

"Well, he had a great deal of influence with the Indians, on account of his father, and was able to turn them against the colonists. Other British agents were at work who, by bribes and promises, set the Mohawks and other tribes on the warpath. Sir John himself fought bravely and openly, but many marauding bands of Indians were cast loose upon the struggling settlements all over the State, and the early years of the Revolution were bitter indeed for them. I could tell you for hours of deeds of savagery and butchery to which these poor, undefended families were subjected, while the able-bodied men were away at the wars—but such tales are not pleasant. I just want you children to remember that the Revolution was fought not merely by Washington and his generals and men—all honor to them—but also by every lonely family out here on the frontier!

"At last things got so bad that General Washington sent General John Sullivan, at the head of nearly 3,000 men, with orders to march right through Central and Western New York, subduing the Indians and wiping out their villages. This was in the Summer of 1779, and by the last of July Sullivan's army was encamped at Wyoming, the scene of one of the bloodiest of massacres, a few months before,

on the part of the red men. Again I went along as a scout, and we proceeded up the west branch of the Susquehanna, toward Tioga, which we reached on the 11th of August. A fort was built near there, and was called Fort Sullivan.

"The patriot army was poorly clothed, some of the men not having a whole shirt to their backs. They made moccasins and shoes out of anything they could get their hands on. And their food supplies were poor indeed. However, their concern was not about themselves, but for their families. Your Father had been made a sergeant by that time. He told me that Congress had not paid them anything for months, and they were afraid their families would starve. Indeed, I think many of these wretched fellows would have deserted, but for the influence of Washington. But once on the warpath, their personal grievances were forgotten. One day, I remember, we had to ford the Susquehanna, and all the men waded through with the water up to their armpits, and to keep their powder dry they held it high above their heads.

"Near here we were joined by our General Clinton, with 1,600 men, the Indians meanwhile fleeing from our approach. One of their ablest leaders was a Mohawk, Joseph Brant, to give him an English name. I had known him when, as a boy, he followed Sir William. Many are the tales told of Brant to this day, up in York State.

"To move an army of several thousand men

through a wilderness like this was a formidable task, and kept us scouts continually on the jump. Unbridged creeks and rivers had to be forded, swamps to be gone through, mountain ranges to be crossed; and we never knew when we might be falling into an ambushade. In fact, a few brave men were lost



WE HAD TO FORD THE SUSQUEHANNA

in small ambush fights, but the main body of the redskins kept just out of our reach.

“But we did finally come upon them, on the 29th of August, at Newtown. There were a thousand or more—Indians and Tories, under Brant and the two Butlers, who were Tory leaders. They were well fortified, but Sullivan brought up his artillery and

attacked their position with such whoops of defiance—imitating the Indians' own way of attacking—that after about two hours of lively fighting, the enemy broke and ran. Brant, however, fought with the utmost courage, here as elsewhere.

"The Indians would not risk any other face-to-face engagements, but sought to harass our troops in other ways. But our men knew their way of fighting, and gave them better than they sent. A few weeks of this sort of thing left them completely scattered. The other part of our job we did not like so well. This was the laying waste of their villages and crops—but it was war, and had to be done. I recall that one day we cut down a fine orchard of a thousand or more peach trees loaded with fruit. And we set fire to their fields of grain. Town after town with its farms was thus destroyed, the Indians fleeing to the west and taking their families with them. The power of the Iroquois was broken for all time.

"To show you how little rancor our men felt for the Indians personally, I remember that one day we found an old Cayuga squaw, who had been left behind by her people. The soldiers provided her with food, and built her a small cabin where she could live until our army should come back that way. I cut some wood for her myself, so that she could have a fire. Tears came into her eyes at this kind treatment. She thanked us, and said that their warriors had been misled by the redcoats, and that now they all wanted to be at peace with the colonists.

"At another village we came upon them so suddenly that we found pots with corn in them boiling over the fire, and we had a good dinner at the redskins' expense. At still another village, near Geneva, we found a little white child, naked, entirely alone, and very hungry. He was about three years old, and had been kidnapped from some white settlement. He knew no language other than Indian, so he must have been with them from babyhood. We never found out to whom he belonged, but our General took quite a fancy to him, and carried the child back with him to Albany.

"Yes, it was a terrible thing to see these villages and fields laid waste for hundreds of miles, and to know that, the next Winter, many Indians would suffer from hunger. It seemed like fighting against the squaws and papooses. But it was the only way to put a stop to the red men's atrocities, and to make the central and western part of our State safe for the white man."

CHAPTER X

HOW NEW YORK CITY FARED IN THE REVOLUTION

THAT was your last campaign, wasn't it, Grandsire?" asked Peter, looking proudly at the old scout, as he now sat puffing contentedly at his long pipe and watching the bobs of their fishing lines dancing on the current.

"Yes, that was my last. They said I was too old for active service, though I wasn't seventy yet. But by this time we had built our little home here in Tarrytown, where your father and his brothers and sisters were born. And it wasn't such a great while until the great news of the surrender of Cornwallis set us all by the ears with joy. And right here we heard and saw many another interesting tale. Why, right down yonder at the tavern I heard my old neighbor, John Paulding, tell how they searched Major André and found in his boots the telltale papers revealing the treason of Benedict Arnold."

"Oh, tell us about that—do!" said Greta.

"As if I hadn't told you that yarn a dozen times already!" replied her Grandfather, pinching her ear, "You know how it was that Benedict Arnold—the same soldier that I saw with my own eyes fighting so gallantly at Saratoga—schemed to give over the fort at West Point to the British. He all but did it, too.

He met the British officer, André, and turned over to him the plans of the fort and details of the men in his command. The British ship, *Vulture*—and a good name for it!—was waiting for André, but the boatman, who was an American, became suspicious and refused to convey him on board. So André tried to make his way back by land to the British army. Right here in Tarrytown he was halted by Paulding and two others. André said that he was a patriot and his name was Anderson, and he produced his passport to prove it. But they searched him and finally found the damaging papers in his boots. He tried to buy himself off, at this, offering them his horse, all his money, and a large reward. But they were not to be bribed. They took him to Colonel Jameson, the nearest commanding officer, who turned him over to headquarters. Sir Henry Clinton tried hard to save him, but André was hanged as a spy. He was a fine looking and brave young officer, who was only carrying out orders, and there was much sympathy expressed for him on all sides. His execution was like that of Nathan Hale, the American patriot, who got entangled in the British lines and was executed by the British in New York City, a few years before. No, there cannot be sympathy in wartime.

“During the war I was often in service up state, so did not see much that was going on in the city. But there, as you already know, some of the most important scenes of the Revolution were witnessed.

Away back in 1765 a Congress of the colonies was called there to protest against the Stamp Act. Nine colonies were represented, and a Declaration of Rights was drawn up—one of the earliest of such papers. When the Stamp Act went into effect there were riots in the streets, and blood was shed, some of the very first of the Revolution. A Liberty Pole was erected, torn down, and erected again. A cargo of tea was dumped into the bay. The statue of King George in Bowling Green was pulled over. It was of lead and made fine bullets for our guns. Scarcely a month passed without something exciting.

"Then came the actual hostilities. The Declaration of Independence, given out by Congress then sitting in Philadelphia, July 4, 1776, was read publicly in New York on the 18th. There was a great celebration, and that was the time when old King George got bowled over on the Green. General Washington was then in command of the army at Boston, but soon marched down and tried to defend New York. The city, by this time, had about 4,000 houses and 25,000 people in it, all within a mile or so of the Battery. But the importance of the harbor made this a strategic point during the whole progress of the Revolution; and the British, through their strong navy, held it most of the time.

"The Battle of Long Island, begun on August 26, was Washington's first brave attempt to halt the British troops. His forces were outnumbered and raw, and the British gained the victory. The hostili-



"I SHALL BE OBLIGED IF EACH OF YOU WILL COME AND TAKE
ME BY THE HAND."

[See page 123.]

ties lasted for three days, and then Washington skilfully brought his troops across East River to New York. He had gotten hold of every craft, large and small, on the river, and under cloak of darkness had transferred his whole army of 9,000 men in safety. He himself saw the last man withdrawn, after having been in the saddle continuously for forty-eight hours. Lord Howe, the British officer who had thought to capture an army at daybreak, awoke to find it safely over in New York.

"The American army put up earthworks here and prepared to make another stand, but five British frigates came up the river and discharged a broadside of seventy-five guns. On top of this, a flotilla of troops debarked and charged the American lines. I wish I could tell you that our troops resisted bravely at this first battle in the city, but the truth is, they ran away. It was in vain that Washington, Putnam, Parsons, and other officers dashed in among them and tried to re-form the lines. The soldiers had been seized with a panic, as sometimes comes to even the bravest troops. Our army was at last re-formed at Harlem Heights, and gave a good account of itself in the battle which took place there, the next day. It was the turn of the British to run, on this occasion, the Americans mocking their bugles as they sounded the retreat. Washington remained in Harlem for three weeks, and then withdrew to Westchester County, and the city fell into the hands of the British. It could not well have been otherwise, as

the British ships could command it from all sides.

"Lord Howe took possession on September 16, and found the city looking forlorn and dismantled. Many citizens had fled; others had locked up their dwellings. Five days later a disastrous fire broke out in the lower part of the city, raged furiously and was only gotten under control when it reached the open space before King's College. This fire was so furious and violently hot that nobody could go near it. When a person in a burning street started to another that seemed safe, the fire would break out in that before he could reach it. Thus it raged all the night and until noon the next day. From 500 to 1,000 houses were destroyed.

"It was hard on the heels of this fire that one of the saddest scenes in the city's history was enacted—the execution of our Captain Nathan Hale as a spy. Before his death by hanging from an apple-tree, he said: 'I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.'

"Out in the waters of the bay were anchored eight or ten prison ships, and on these were confined not only prisoners of war, but many citizens who were suspected of being patriots. The ships were dirty holes, and their sufferings were dreadful. I am told that over 10,000 persons perished there during the war. More distinguished prisoners, as officers, were kept in a new jail in City Hall Park, but conditions here were little better. Men were so closely packed that one sleeping on the floor could not turn over

at the command, 'left' or 'right,' unless all turned.

"For seven long years, New York was not a pleasant place to live in. The British were constantly on the watch and threw any citizen into jail on the slightest pretext. Most lines of business were suspended, and families were in want. So only the wealthier Tories were sad when, on the 25th of November, 1783, the last of the redcoats took to their boats at the Battery, and sullenly left New York. As they went out, the Americans marched in, and at last New York—city and State—with the rest of the new-born nation, was free of the foreign yoke.

"Just a few days after the British left the city, down on the lower East Side an important event took place. In Fraunces' Tavern General Washington bade farewell to his officers. He was giving up the command of the army which he had led through so many perils to final victory. As he looked around at his old comrades in arms his voice choked with emotion, and he said: 'I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand.'

"Thus our General left the city to go, as he supposed, into private life. But his country still needs him, and this very week he returns to New York to take up his duties as President."

"Yes, and we are all going down to the city to see him made our President. Oh, goody, goody!" cried Greta, dancing about and clapping her hands.

CHAPTER XI

A NEW NATION AND ITS PRESIDENT

IT was just as Greta had said. They were all going down to New York, to visit with their cousins at the old Stuyvesant farm, and to see Washington inaugurated. With the stories of colonial days and the war so fresh in their memories, they could hardly wait for the eventful day, but at last it came.

It was another beautiful day in April, and as they went down stream by water from Tarrytown to the city, they met up with craft of all kinds, big and little, some with sails, others with oars, but all with the same object in view—to see and aid in the welcome to Washington. Down at the Battery, when they at last arrived there, they found a busy scene indeed. The water was literally carpeted with boats. All were decorated, and many had bands of music or singers on board.

Then, amid a great din of cheering, the cannons roared a presidential salute of thirteen guns, and the cry went up: “Here he comes!” A splendidly decorated barge came slowly across the bay from Elizabethtown, with the beloved leader standing in the prow, bowing to the thousands who pressed about

him. The little boat containing the Van Wouters was close to the wharf, and just before the barge came to shore Greta threw with all her might a little wreath of spring flowers which she had woven. It fell at Washington's feet. He stooped quickly and picked it up, and chanced to see the eager little maid who had thrown it. Smiling at her, he pressed the nosegay to his lips—and of all the proud and happy people in the city that day, Greta was the proudest and happiest!

The barge was moored to the Battery, and from there carpets were laid to the carriage that was to convey him to his official residence; but he preferred to walk, and on foot he proceeded up the streets through long lanes of cheering citizens.

The public inauguration took place on the 30th day of April, in the year 1789. At nine o'clock religious services were held in Trinity and other churches. At twelve the troops paraded before the residence of the new President—Sergeant Van Wouter among them. Meanwhile, the other Van Wouters had gone early and found a vantage point in Wall Street near the Senate Building, where the open-air ceremony was to take place. This imposing structure, where the new Government first began to officiate, had a series of lofty columns in front, with a balcony on the second floor. Here, as the crowd stood breathless with excitement, a little group soon emerged, and a tall, dignified form took its place in the center.

"It is Washington!" cried the Van Wouter

children to each other. Their Grandfather standing by their side smiled happily. Forgotten were all the hardships they had undergone, in a moment like this!

Yes, it was Washington. As Chancellor Livingston administered the oath of office, the tall form stooped and kissed the Bible which the Chancellor held in his hand. After repeating the oath of office in a clear voice that all in the street below could hear, he added:

"I swear—so help me God!"

Then the Chancellor stepped forward and held up his hand. "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" he exclaimed.

And while the bells rang out, the flags were hoisted, and the guns at the Battery roared another presidential salute, the crowd shouted: "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!"

And none shouted it more joyously that day than Peter, Cornie, and Greta Van Wouter.

MILESTONES

- 1524. Verrazano visits New York Harbor.
- 1609. Henry Hudson discovers Bay and River.
- 1609. Champlain enters province from the north.
- 1615. First buildings erected on Manhattan Island.
- 1624. Fort Orange, later Albany, founded.
- 1626. Civil Government set up in Manhattan. The Dutch purchase the Island from the Indians.
- 1647. Stuyvesant, the last of the Dutch Governors, arrives.
- 1655. The Swedes attempt to make a settlement.
- 1664. New Amsterdam seized by the English and called New York.
- 1731. The French build a fort at Crown Point.
- 1755. The French and Indian War begun.
- 1759. Quebec falls to the English.
- 1760. Canada ceded to the English.
- 1775. The Green Mountain Boys seize Ticonderoga.
- 1777. Burgoyne surrenders to the American army at Saratoga.
- 1779. Sullivan marches against the Indians.
- 1783. The British evacuate New York.
- 1789. Washington takes oath of office as first President.

LATER EVENTS

- 1797. The seat of the National Government is removed from New York to Washington. Albany becomes State Capital.
- 1801. Constitution, first adopted in 1777, is revised.
- 1807. Steam navigation begun on Hudson River.

1812. War with England causes important events along Northern border.

1817. Slavery abolished in State.

1825. Erie Canal completed.

1861. New York takes active part in Civil War.

1880. School suffrage granted to women.

1883. The Brooklyn Bridge completed.

1886. The Bartholdi Statue of Liberty unveiled.

1909. New York City celebrates the tercentenary of Hudson's voyage, and the centenary of Fulton's steamboat.

1911. State Capitol at Albany badly damaged by fire, and many records destroyed.

1920. The State first in rank in population, which totals 10,385,277. New York City's population, 5,620,048.

THE END



Champlain Explores
Lake and fights Iroquois

Adirondack
Mountains

NEW YORK

Crown
Point

Ticonderoga

Lake George

Fr. William Henry

Ft. Edward

BURGUYNES
DEFEAT

Saratoga

Battle
Heights

Schenectady

Albany

Ft. Orange

Cherry Valley
Massacre

Catskill
Mts

Delaware River

Kingsston

West Point

Hudson River

Stony
Point

Fort
Mifflin

Long Island

Staten
Is.



